

TARTUFFE:

OR, THE

French Puritan.

A

COMEDY,

Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written in French by *MOLIERE*, and Render'd
into English, with much Addition and Advantage,

By *M. MEDBOURNE*,

Servant to His Royal Highness.

Invidia est pdium alienæ felicitatis :

Respectu superiorum, quia eis non æquatur ;

Respectu inferiorum, ne sibi æquentur ;

Respectu parium, quia sibi æquantur.

L O N D O N :

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TARTUFFE

OF THE

French Language

COMEDY

AND OF THE

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To the Right Honourable
HENRY Lord HOWARD,
OF
NORFOLK,
BARON of CASTLE-RISING.

MY LORD,

I Here Present Your Honour with the Master-Piece of *MOLIERE's* Productions, or rather that of all French Comedy.

What considerable Additional's I have made thereto, in order to its more plausible Appearance on the English Theatre, I leave to be observed by those who shall give themselves the Trouble of Comparing the several Editions of this Comedy. How Successfull it has prov'd in the Action, the Advantages made by the Actors, and the Satisfaction receiv'd by so many Audiences, have sufficiently proclaim'd-----

So

The Epistle Dedicatory.

So much, as to the Fate of this Piece, and my Endeavours in it: But, What Apology have I to make for my Dedication of it to so Illustrious a Name? only this, An unanswerable Confidence, perpetually suggesting to me, that Your Honour would account me the most Ingrateful and Insensible of Men, should I have Baulk'd this first Opportunity of Acknowledging the Transcendent Obligations You have laid upon me. These (my Lord) have been so Great, and shower'd on me with so great Affability, that when I consider Your Eminent Quality and Character, and thence cast down my Eyes on the Meannest of my own, it strikes an Awe upon my Spirit, and minds me with what extraordinary Respects and Submissions I am to assume that of,

MY LORD,

Your most Humble,

most Obedient, and

most Obliged Servant,

M. MEDBOURNE.

PROLOGUE.

L Earning, Wit, Policy, and all we own,
Are but Translations of the Time that's gone:
And what was Gold Beyond-Sea, should not be
Methinks in England turn'd to Alchemy.
As Picture-Merchants may Commend their Ware,
The Hand is Tintoret's, the Piece is Rare!
So in th' Exchange of Wit, I hope, we may
[Not Damn'd for Arrogance] Commend this Play:
Call it, An easie Comedy, A clean
Intrigue, from House to House no frisking Scene:
In it no Hyperbolick Thunder-crack
Puts th' Auditor nor th' Actor to the rack.
And all the Plot's in Twelve Hours Time express'd;
Some Ladies take up more to be well Dress'd.
Thus the Translator's pleas'd; if's lost,
He did assure us this was all his Cost,
The Cocker swapp'd Old Shooes for Plays at Dover,
And now he sings, the Monsieur's new come Over.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

ORGON

TARTUFFE

DORINA

ELMIRA

MARIANA

VALERE

CLEANTHES

DAMIS

LAURENCE

PERNELLE

LOYAL

Messenger

FLYPOTE

Officers.



TARTUFFE;

OR, THE

French Zealot.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Pernelle, Flipote, Elmira, Mariana,
Dorina, Damis, Cleanthes.*

Pern. **C**ome *Flipote*, let's be gone that we may 'scape 'em.

Elm. You walk at such a rate we can't o'ertake you.

Pern. Then prithee Daughter leave me, go no further:
These idle Complements I have no need of.

Elm. We but discharge that Duty which we owe you,
Pray Mother what's the Cause you leave us thus?

Pern. I can't behold your Manage of Affairs.

You have no due Regard nor Care of me;

Therefore I leave your House ill satisfy'd,

For every word I speak is contradicted.

You shew me no Respect, but in Confusion.

B

All

TARTUFFE; Or,

All talk at once, your House is *Dover-Court*.

Dor. If ———

Per. Friend you're a Waiting-woman, hold your peace,
Good Mistress Nimble-chaps; you're very saucy
To be thus peremptory 'mongst your Betters.

Dam. But ———

Per. But you're a Sot, take that from me in short;
'Tis I that say it who am your Grandmother,
And I have told your Father a Hundred times,
That I foresaw your wicked Inclinations;
And that you'd prove at last his real Torment.

Marian. I believe ———

Per. You are his Sister, and wou'd seem discreet,
I touch'd not you, whilst that I found you silent;
But now I see you verifie the Proverb,
The silent Waters are most dangerous,
Still Sows eat all the draught. I hate your Manners.

Elm. Pray Mother hear ———

Per. Daughter be not offended;
I find your Conduct in each Action bad,
You ought t' have been th' Example to 'em all,
Such as their good deceased Mother was.
Come y'are a Spendthrift, your gawdy Dress afflicts me,
Those who intend to please their Husbands only,
Will find they have no need of half those Gugaws.

Cleanthes. But, Madam, after all ———

Pern. Good Sir, her Brother,
I much esteem you, love you, and respect you, [Spoken in derision.
But truly Sir, were I as my Son's Wife,
I would intreat you to come here no more.
You preach such Rules and Maxims to their life,
Since they are such, as honest Men abhor.
Sir, I am plain with you, and speak my mind.

Dam. Mr. Tartuffe is happy without doubt.

Pern. He is an honest Man, wou'd you were like him;
And I can scarce contain my Passion when
I hear him Censur'd by such Fools as you.

Dam. Shall such an *Ignis fatuus* as he
Domineer over us in my Father's House,
So that we cannot take any Diversion,
But what his canting Worship first approves?

Dorin. If we should hear his Maxims and believe 'em,
The zealous Critick would in all controul us.

Per. What he controuls I'm sure is well design'd;

'Tis the true way to Heaven that he would lead you:
Therefore you ought to reverence and observe him.

Dam. All that my Father, or your self can urge,
Can ne're oblige me, but to think well of him;
I should bely my Heart should I say otherwise:
After his Mode I could behave my self,
And I foresee th' event, that with this Zealot
I should obtain a reverend esteem.

Dorin. Yes, yes, no doubt; but yet to us 'tis scandalous,
For one unknown to make himself our Patron:
A Beggar, who at first came without Shooes,
And all his Cloaths were hardly worth a Groat,
To contradict us and to play the Master.

Per. Ah mercy; O my life, it would be better
If all were govern'd by his pious Rules.

Dorin. He passes for a Saint in your esteem,
But you will find he is all Hypocrite.

Per. Why there's a Tongue.

Dorin. I would not trust my self but on good warrant,
Further with him than with his Servant *Laurence*:
And he I'm sure is Flesh and Blood.

[*aside.*

Per. I'm ignorant what Heart the Servant has,
But I dare justify the Master's Truth:
You wou'd not wish him ill, nor yet revile him,
But that he tells you of your Faults so plainly:
'Tis against Sin his Heart is so provok'd,
And the Interest of Heaven that prompts him to't.

Dorin. But what's the cause that over-nice of late,
He will not suffer any to frequent us?
In what do harmless Visits offend Heaven?
Shall I expound this Riddle freely to you?
Faith, Madam, I believe he is Jealous of you.

[*to Elmira,*

Per. Let not your Tongue out-run your Wit, take heed;
It is not only he that blames these Visits:
But 'tis the Train of those that haunt your House,
The many Coaches planted at your Gate,
The rude Rencontre of so many Lacqueys,
These, these make such a Noise among your Neighbour
That I believe at last nothing shall pass
They will not talk of: thus you pawn your Credit.

Cleanthes. Ah, Madam, would you hinder a Man from Talking?
That would be burthensome to humane Life.
If we should shun those you think idle Toys,
We must renounce our dearest Friends sometimes:

And though we should make full resolve to do it,
Think you, you could impose a general Silence?
There is no Bulwark, Madam, against Detraction.
The best way is to slight all sottish Talkers;
And while we strive to live in Innocence,
Let Libertines their Humours entertain.

Elmir. Our Cousin *Daphne*, and her little Husband,
Perhaps may take a liberty of Speech;
And 'tis too often seen whose Actions merit
The most severe Reproof, soonest detract:
They lie upon the catch, ready to seize,
And lay fast hold on every little Error,
That by Misprision others guilty make,
And spread the News abroad with an odd Joy
At their Miscarriage; painted with false Colours,
They think to put a Cheat upon the World;
And under the feigned Mask of a Resemblance
To some Intrigues of Vertue, start a Zeal
Fit to disguise that Envy which has forg'd
A Charge of Slander against the fair Repute
Of some they make a fair Pretence unto;
Only to make 'em Partners in their Crimes.

Pern. All this Discourse is little to our Business:
'Tis known *Oranta* leads an holy Life,
Her care is all for Heaven; and I have heard
How much she has condemn'd the Train frequents you.

Dorina. Th' Example's wonderful, the Lady good:
But yet her Life's a little too severe:
Thank Heav'n for that, 'tis Age has given her Soul
This ardent Zeal; for in her youthful Days
She was expert in keeping of her Body.
Attracting the Homages of many Hearts,
She knew to shew her Skill in several Shapes;
And did enjoy her fair Advantages:
But finding that the Sparkles of her Eyes
Now downward fall, she would renounce the World,
Envying any should enjoy those Pleasures
Which Age denies 'em, through their weak Performance.

Pern. 'Tis well: these idle Stories please your Ears,
And that's the reason I desert your House;
My Son did never yet a wiser thing,
Than when he entertain'd this pious Man,
Whom for your benefit you ought to imitate. [*the old Woman coughs.*]

Dor. Would you two Saints were bound to live together;

Pern.

The French Puritan.

Pern. 'Twould be no little Comfort to our Family.
Your Balls, your Masks, your complemental Visits,
Are all the Inventions of some Evil Spirit,
Where one can never here a pious Word;
They are foolish, idle, sinful Songs and Tales,
At which our Neighbour oft' is Scandaliz'd,
As a good Brother said the other Day,
Truly it is the Tower of *Babylon*,
Where giddy-brain'd Phantasticks waste their time.
But to the Point. [*Flipote laughs at Pernelle. She sees.*
Look, I beseech you, there's one sneers already.
Oh how my Spirit boils! I say no more,
For now I'm hindred to declare my Thoughts.
O! Impudence. [*laughs agen.*
Take that bold Gossip, and learn to mend your Manners.
Go on you Baggage, go. *Exeunt* all but [*pushes her before her.*

SCENE II.

Cleanthes, Dorina.

Clean. I will not follow,
For fear she should begin another Quarrel;
Alas! good Woman.

Dorin. Truly 'tis great pity
She does not hear the Character you give her,
Such an Expression to her Face had pleas'd her.
She thinks she's now at Age to wear that Name.

Clean. How hot she was upon us? strangely concern'd,
Wrapt up to the third Region for her *Tartuffe*.

Dorin. All this is nothing in Comparison
Of her dear Son, he was a gallant Man:
And show'd his Courage in his Prince's Service;
But e'er since *Tartuffe* came to live among us,
He is so chang'd his Friends can hardly know him;
He calls him Brother, loves him as himself;
Prefers him 'bove his Mother, Son, Wife, Daughter;
The only Confident of all his Secrets:
Whom he does cherish and embrace 'bove measure;
No Man can be more tender of a Mistress;
He is always plac'd at th' upper end o'th' Table,
Where he devours more Meat than half a Dozen.

Clean. Is't possible he should be thus besotted?
His every Sentence passes for an Oracle.

Nor

Nor do's this Fox want Skill to act his part,
And though we're many keeps us all in awe;
Cries down our Patches, Vifors, Pendants, Curls.

S C E N E III.

Elmira, Mariana, Damis.

Elmir. 'Tis well you did not go along with us,
To hear this strange Discourse we had at Door;
I spy'd my Husband though he saw not me;
But I'll go up, and there attend his coming.

Cleanth. I'll wait him here below, but not to stay him,
For all my business is but a Good-Morrow [Exit. Elmira.

Dam. My Sister's Wedding does employ his Thoughts,
And I suspect that *Tartuffe* does oppose it,
And that he has prevail'd another way
To stop this Marriage 'gainst my Int'rest:
But if my Sister's Flame equals *Valere's*,
The Sister of my Friend shall be my Wife,
And if ——— [Exit. Damis.

Dorin. She comes.

S C E N E IV.

Orgon, Cleanthes, Dorina.

Org. Oh Brothers! a Good-Morrow.

Clean. I was just going, Brother; y'are welcome Home:
What, looks the Country pleasant yet or no?

Org. Dorina — [Brother let me intreat your stay,
Permit me a little to take off my Care,
In being satisfy'd how we all do]

Have all things happen'd well these two Days past?
How have you spent your time? are you all well?

Dorin. My Mistress t'other Day was very Sick
O'th' Feaver, and the Head-ach; Cruel Pains.

Org. But how fares *Tartuffe*;

Dorin. *Tartuffe*; wondrous well.

He's fresh and fair, always a good Stomach.

Org. Alas! Poor Man!

Dorin. At Night she was indispos'd,

And

The French Puritan.

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And did not touch one Bit at Supper, Sir,
Alas! you know the Head-ach's a sad Pain.

Org. But how did *Tartuffe*?

Dorin. He Supp'd, Sir, by himself,
And most devoutly Eat up Two Partridges,
After a Hash of half a Leg of Mutton.

Org. Alas! poor Man!

Dor. But my poor Mistress, Sir, was so afflicted
She could not take a Moment's rest all Night:
The violent Heat o'th' Feaver kept her waking.
We sat up with her till 'twas almost Day.

Org. And how did my poor *Tartuffe* then all Night?

Dor. As soon as he had Supp'd he fell Asleep,
And from the Table he went strait to Bed,
Where without trouble on a good Feather-bed,
He took the Pains to Sleep till the next Day.

Org. Ah! poor Man!

Dor. At last, Sir, when our Reasons had prevail'd,
She did resolve she'd venture to be Blooded,
And upon that she presently found Ease.

Orgon. And what became of *Tartuffe* all this while?

Dor. Alas, Sir, he like a Courageous Man,
To fortify his Soul against all Danger,
And to repair the Blood my Mistress lost,
Drank to his Breakfast Four great Bowls of Wine.

Org. Alas! poor Man!

Dor. Sir, to be short they both are very well,
And I am going now to tell my Mistress,
The Joy that you express for his good Health.

Enter Laurence, meets her.

Laure. One word, sweet Mistress with you, ben't afraid;
What I shall say shall be for your Advantage.

Dor. If you have any thing to tell me *Laurence*,
Meet me an Hour hence I'll hear your Errand.

Exeunt severally.

S C E N E V.

Orgon, Cleanthes.

Clean. Brother, she flouts you to your very Teeth;
And yet [without design to make you Angry]
I tell you freely that 'tis but Justice.
Is't possible this Man should so Inchant you,

That

That you forget every Concern but him?
And having in your House repair'd his Misery,
To come to such a height ———

Org. Hold Brother, hold!

You do not know the Man, you talk of, thoroughly.

Clean. Not know him? be it so, 'cause you will have it.
Yet to be short I'll tell you what he may be ———

Org. Brother, you would be charm'd with his Acquaintance,
And your Astonishments would find no end.

He is a Man that hates ——— a Man ——— a Man ———

Who lives like him will feel a profound Peace,

And as a Dung-hill estimate this World:

I'm wholly chang'd my self by's Conversation:

'Tis he has taught me to disclaim my Affections;

To disengage my self from the World's Friendship.

I could see Mother, Children, Brother and Wife die,

And with as little Care as that comes to.

[*Fillip.*

Clean. But such Resentments are not Humane, Brother.

Org. Had you but seen him as I found him first,
His humble Posture would have won your Love:

Once at's Devotion he did plant himself,

With such a pious Aspect, right against me,

Darting his Prayers to Heav'n with such a Zeal,

As did attract the Eyes of all the Church,

And lowly prostrate on the Ground did Kiss it:

What else he did was suitable to that:

And at my coming forth he got before me,

On purpose to present me Holy-Water:

Inform'd by his Man who did him imitate,

I found that he was much Necessitated,

I made him Presents, Itill he modestly

Would make a Retribution of some part,

Telling me 'twas too much, too much by half!

And that he did no way deserve my Pity;

But when I did refuse the part return'd,

Before my Face he gave it to the Poor;

A Charity prodigious in my Eyes.

Heav'n surely made me take him to my House,

And since that time methinks all things have prosper'd,

I see the diligent care he takes of me;

Nay, of my Wife, and therein of my Honour;

He gives me notice of the Designs of all,

And is six times more vigilant than my self,

You can't imagine how his Zeal aspires:

Each

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Each frivolous Action he accounts a Sin,
And's scandaliz'd at the least accident :
As once at's Prayers he chanc'd to catch a Flea,
And griev'd because his Passion made him kill it.

Clean. Confound him, Brother ; sure you are bewitch'd,
That thus you mock your self in your Discourse :
To what will all this Folly now pretend ?

Org. Brother, you talk just like a Libertine.
I know you are Ingenious enough :
But I much fear the Freedom you take
Will draw you into Inconvenience.

Clean. This still is like your ordinary Discourse ;
You would have others be as Blind as you.
The good and upright Men we ought to trace,
Whose Zeal lies not in supercilious Looks :
There's a vast Difference, Brother ; tho' you seem
Between Devotion and Hypocrisy
To give 'em both one Character.

You equal Cunning with Sincerity,
And rank with sober Truth a false Appearance.
Esteem a Shadow as you would the Substance,
And prize false Money as you do the good.
Most part of Men are very strangely made,
You scarce can find them in their natural Dress :
The Bounds of Reason are too narrow for 'em.
In every Model they exceed their limit ;
And commonly they spoil the noblest things
In over-doing, by fond Affectation.
Thus, Brother, I have freely spoken my Mind.

Org. Sir, without doubt you are a Reverend Doctor :
Your Head contains the Knowledge of the World ;
You are the only Wise and Learned Man ;
An Oracle, the *Cato* of our Age,
And all Men else are Sots compar'd with you.

Clean. Sir, I pretend no Doctorship nor Reverence.
Nor does my Head contain such heaps of Knowledge.
But in a word, thus much I understand,
How to discover real Truth from Falshood.
And as I prize no sort of Hero's more
Than those I find are really Devout ;
Nothing i'th' World more noble nor more fair,
Than th' holy Fervor of a sincere Zeal :
So, on the contrary, nothing is more odious,
Than are the plastered Outfides of a false one.

Mere Mountebanks of Piety, devout in publick;
 Whose seeming holy and deceitful Faces
 Do take the freedom boldly to abuse,
 What amongst Mortals is most Sacred held;
 Who Sacrifice their Souls to Interest,
 Making Religion a mere Merchandize;
 Thinking to gain a Credit and Esteem,
 By casting up seducing Eyes to Heaven.
 Such People make their Fortunes here below,
 By that false Ardour they to Heaven show:
 Who in their Raptures and strong Counterfeits
 Even to th' Courtiers preach Retirement.
 They can Conform their Zeal unto their Vice,
 Revengeful, Faithless, full of Artifice.
 And to disguise themselves cover their Pride
 With the pretended Interest of Heaven:
 Being more dangerous in their vehement fits,
 Appearing in those Garbs we Reverence.
 And in their Passion [to whom all submit]
 Assassinate us with an holy Sword.

 *Org.* Your Judgment, Brother, 's Bias'd by your Passion.
 You do not love Professors of the Truth.

Clean. We see too many bearing this false Stamp;
 But honest Hearts desire honest Things.
 This Age does offer many to our Eyes,
 Whose glorious Patterns we may safely follow;
 Who are no boasters of their vertuous Lives.
 Such loathed Pride in them cannot be seen:
 But their Devotion's Tractable and Plain.
 They will not Censure any others Errors;
 Knowing that such Corrections smell of Folly,
 Leaving that Verbal Folly unto others.
 'Tis by their Actions they reprove our Faults.
 What but resembles Sin harbours not there;
 Their Souls incline to Judge the best of others.
 They follow no Intrigues, hold no Cabal;
 And their chief care is only to Live well.
 They never are incens'd against a Sinner:
 'Tis against Sin that they apply their hate.
 They ne're espouse Heaven's Quarrel with a Zeal
 To aggravate both Crime and Punishment.
 Such merit Love that thus Demean themselves,
 And are th' Examples I propose to you.
 To say the Truth, your Man's not of their Fashion;

But

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But your strong Faith does Idolize his Zeal:

'Tis a false Light that dazles thus your Eyes.

Org. O Providence! how does my Patience reel?

Well, have you done? have you said all, or no?

Clean. Yes.

Org. Your Servant, Sir.

[Offers to go.

Clean. Stay, Brother, by your favour one word more.

Let's lay aside this Talk. You know *Valere*

Has had your Word to be your Son-in-law.

Org. Yes.

Clean. You have appointed too the Wedding-day.

Org. 'Tis very true.

Clean. Why do you thus defer it?

Org. I do not know.

Clean. Is your Mind alter'd, Brother?

Org. Perhaps it is.

Clean. Will you break your Word?

Org. I do not tell you that.

Clean. No Obstacle (I hope) can so prevail
To make you break your plighted Promise sure.

Org. According as it happens.

Clean. Does one Word, Sir, require so much cunning?
I came from *Valere*, Brother, now on purpose,

Org. Heaven be prais'd!

Clean. What Answer shall I make him?

Org. E'en what you please, Sir.

Clean. 'Tis very fit, Sir, he should know your Mind;
Pray speak your Resolution.

Org. Sir, to do

What Heaven would have.

Clean. But pray, Sir, speak;

He has your Promise, will you keep't or no?

Org. Farewell.

[Exit.

Clean. The Love I bear him makes me fear his Fate,
And binds me too to tell him what I hate.

[Exit.



Laurence and Dorina meet.

Laur. I'm here within the Hour she said she'd meet me.
Oh! how I long t'engage —— but see, she's here.
Sweet Mistress *Dorina*, and how do you? you see that
How I'm from my Master; I am not so demure,
But that I can lay aside my borrow'd Shape,
And shew my proper self.

C 2

Dorin.

12 TARTUFFE; Or,

Dorin. What's this Preamble to that you desir'd to speak With me about?

Laur. What, are you so hot upon the Scent that you Will not hear me out; have but a little Patience, I'll be as good as my Word.

Dorin. I never question'd your Honesty, good *Laurence*, I know a Man of your great Zeal, that serves So pious a Master, cannot tread awry.

Laur. Nay, Mrs. *Dorina* don't flout me; I can Put on my Visor again if that please you better.

Dorin. No *Laurence*, I protest I'm serious; I take thee for an honest Fellow, and believe You are True-hearted.

Laur. Faith so I am; and if you'll hearken to me, I'll open all my Secrets to you.

Dorin. Hold me no longer in Suspence, good *Laurence*, tell me what you've to say in earnest.

Laur. Why this: during that most happy time wherein my Master and my self receiv'd our Entertainment first In *Orgon's* House, I have observ'd a Modesty in your Looks, And such a pleasant Railery in your Speech, as have Attracted all my Faculties to become your Votaries. Nor have my Senses enjoy'd their usual Repose; Where'er I am at Church, or with my Master, *Dorina* still appears to all my Thoughts: neither Can Penance or Discipline force her from me.

Dorin. Nay, *Laurence*, if this be all your Errand, Fare you well. [*Dorina offers to go, Laurence stays her.*]

Laur. Nay, sweet *Dorina* stay. Think you I am Not Flesh and Blood as well as you, since I first Knew what 'twas to write Man, I had an Inclination, an Itch at——

Dorin. At what?

Laur. Nay, you're so hasty; But to the Point, as *Tartuffe* says.

Dorin. How now, *Laurence*; what plain *Tartuffe*?

Laur. Plain *Tartuffe*! why what would you have me Call him? 'tis true he is my Master, but——

Dorin. But what? Nay, *Laurence*, prithee speak.

Laur. No, no, Mrs. *Dorina*, soft and fair, If I should tell you all at once you'd flight me.

Dorin. No seriously I will not.

Laur. How should I dare believe you in that, When upon my very first Speech, you were

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So ready to fly away.

Dorin. } Here's something more may be drawn from this
aside. } Fellow than yet I am aware of, therefore I must
Humour him a little. No truly, *Laurence*, I only made
A Pretence of going, led by Modesty,
You being the first that e'er made Love to me,
But since I hope you will prove real I'm content
To hear you further.

Laur. Now art thou far more Beautiful and Glorious
Than are those Saints and Angels my Master so much
Talks of, and thou shalt be the Load-star of all my Actions,
And the Saint to whom my best of Services shall
Be devoted: Now, now methinks the Spirit grows
Too weak: yea, and the Flesh grows strong:

My sweet *Dorina*.

[Offers to kiss her, she puts him by.]

Dor. Nay fie, *Laurence*.

[he offers again.]

Nay then stand off: who would have
Thought a Man of your humble Profession
Had been so Metalsome? and seriously
Unless you give me Satisfaction for this Affront,
I'll put you to a Penance you'll not like of.

Within: Tartuffe, Laurence! Laurence!

Laur. Pardon me, sweet *Dorina*. *[Tartuffe calls within Laurence!]*
Alas my Master calls, I must go in *Laurence!*
And practice all Demureness, farewell till
Next we meet. *Exit Laurence.* *[Enters with Tartuffe as to Church.]*

*Enter Tartuffe, and passes over the Stage in a Demure Posture
with Books as going to Church.*

Tar. Come *Laurence*, you neglect your Prayers too much.

Dorin. Thus far 'tis well:

[Dorina smiles at them.]

And from hence happily I may extract
Somewhat for my young Mistress's Advantage.
Her Father's grown so extravagantly fond
Of this same *Tartuffe*, that I much fear the Issue
Of his Intentions.
But by this means I'll find out his Design,
And his fond Humours strive t'out-wit by mine.

[Exit.]

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Orgon, Mariana.

Org. *Mariana.*

Mar. Sir,

[*Orgon looks in the Apartment.*]

Org. Come hither, Child, I have a Secret for you.

Mar. Pray what d'you look for, Sir?

Org. My Child, I'm searching

If any may be there that can o'r-hear us.

[*Looks in again.*]

So now we're well: *Mariana*, I've observ'd,

That from thine Infancy thou hast been Meek,

And an Obedient Child, for which I Love thee;

Mar. I stand indebted for your great Affection.

Org. 'Tis well said, Child, and more to merit it.

You ought to have a care still to Content me.

Mar. In that I place my highest Glory, Sir.

Org. Well said my Chick; what think'st thou then of *Tartuffe*?

Mar. Who, I Sir?

Org. You, take heed Child, how you answer.

Mar. Alas, Sir, I'll say any thing you'd have me.

Org. 'Tis Wisely said; tell me then my Dear Child,

If any signal merit in his Person

Has won upon thy Heart; and, if it please thee,

To see him by my Choice prefer'd thy Husband.

Mar. Ah me!

[*She retires surpriz'd.*]

Org. What's the matter?

Mar. Please you, Sir. }

Org. What?

Mar. Am I surpriz'd?

Org. How?

Mar. Who would you have me say has won my Heart?

What Prodigy is that you'd have to please me?

Whom would your Choice offer me as an Husband?

Org. *Tartuffe.*

Mar. I'll swear he has no Influence here.

[*Points to her Breast.*]

Why would you have me speak such an Imposture?

Org.

The French Puritan.

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Org. But I will have it prove a Verity ;
It is enough for you that he's my Choice.

Mar. Pray Father, what ———

Org. Yes, Daughter, I pretend
To unite him to our Family, by Marriage ;
I am resolv'd that he shall be your Husband,
And as I have a Pow'r.

[*Spies Dorina at the Entry.*]

S C E N E II.

Dorina, Orgon, Marianna.

What do you there?

[*to Dorina.*]

Your Curiosity is very strong,
How durst you thus invade my Privacy?

Dor. I know not whether 'tis a false Report,
Or some Conjecture, or a hit of Chance,
But of this Marriage I have heard some inkling,
And I concluded, 'twas but a meer Fiction.

Org. Then't seems to you a thing incredible?

Dor. So much incredible it seems indeed,
That though you Swear it, Sir, I'll not believe you.

Org. I know the way to make you change your Faith,

Dor. Yes, yes, you tell us, Sir, a pleasant Story.

Org. I tell you justly what you'll quickly find.

Dor. You're merry, Sir.

Org. Daughter, I do not jest.

Dor. All this is Railery, Madam, don't believe him.

Org. I tell you ———

Dor. Nay, Sir, you'll have enough to do.
We don't believe you.

Org. Do not Provoke me, Hussy.

Dor. The worst is yours, Sir, if it should be true
The World will say, Can a wise Man that has
A comely Beard i'th' middle of his Face
Like him, be such a Fool for to ———

Org. I prithee do not tempt me thus to Anger ;
You've taken divers Privileges here
Which do not please me, Friend, I tell you so.

Dor. Let's talk without Offence, Sir, I beseech you.
What was your Promise to *Valere*? a false One?
Your Daughter Sir's not fit for such a Saint,
He has Employments proper for his Thoughts ;
Did Providence thus amply bless you, Sir ;
And make you Master of such large Revenues

To

16 TARTUFFE; OR,

To choose a Beggar for your Son-in-law?

Org. That does not any way concern you :
Know for that Cause we owe him Reverence ;
No doubt his Misery comes not from Desert,
Fortune and Virtue always are at odds ;
And that's the Cause he should be priz'd 'bove Greatness,
Since that he suffer'd Loss of his Estate
By the small Care he took of Temp'ral things,
And strong Appliance made to those Eternal ;
But with my Succour I may be a means
To settle him in his Estate agen,
His Titles in the Country are firm,
And he's a Gentleman I can assure you.

Dorin. Yes Sir, we know he tells you so ; this Boast
Do's not at all become his Piety ;
Whoe'er pretends an Innocent Holy Life,
Ought not to Vaunt his Name, nor his Extraction,
The humble Proceß of Devotion,
Can ill digest Ambition's Haughty Phrase,
But this Discourse offends you ;
Could you without Remorse possess this Fellow
With such a precious Jewel as your Daughter?
You ought, Sir, to consider Decencies,
And to prevent the Sequels of this Union.
You run the Hazard of your Daughter's Virtue,
The only way to keep her Name from Spot,
Depends upon the Harmony that should
Attend the Freedom of united Lovers ;
Who only by their Parent's Will do Wed,
Think it no Crime to Graft their Husband's Head.
'Tis a great Difficulty to live Faithful,
But especially with one of such a Humour ;
Who gives his Daughter to a Man she loaths,
Stands bound to Heaven for any Fault she acts,
Think to what Perils your Designs will bring you.

Org. What yet no end? my Patience is quite tir'd ;
It seems that I must come to learn of you.

[To his Daughter.

Dorin. You will not do amiss to take my Counsel.

Org. Do not reflect on any of these Stories,
I am your Father and know your Wants,
I gave my word to *Valere* he should have you,
But besides Play, I'm told he is inclin'd
[And I suspect't] to be a Libertine :
I have observ'd, he does not go to Church.

Dor.

Dor. Would you oblige him be precise at Hours,
Like such who go a purpose to be seen.

Org. I need not your Advice about this Business.
The other Match is pleasing too to Heaven——
Which is true Riches beyond all Comparifon.

[to Dorina.
to Mariana.]

Hymen will here all your Desires compleat,
Your Life will be all Sweetness, and all Pleasure;
Together you will live in Innocence,
Like Little Children or as Turtle Doves.

Debate will find no Harbour 'twixt you Two,
And you may do with him e'en as you please.

Dor. You'll make him but an Oph, as Nature made him.

Org. How now? what's this Discourse?

Dor. He looks like one.

Dor. I speak, Sir, only for your Interest. [*still as he speaks she interrupts.*]

Org. You are too Careful Mrs. Pert, be gone.

Dor. Sir, if I did not love you——

Org. I would not have you——

Dor. Sir, I will love you whether you will or no.

Org. Ah——

Dor. Your Honour's dear to me, I suffer in it,
To see you sacrifice't to every Trifle.)

Org. I prithee peace.

Dor. My Conscience wo'nt permit,
That I should let you make such an Alliance.

Org. Be silent Serpent, thy offrontive Tongue——

Dor. Let not your Passion thus transport you, Sir.

Org. Your Idleness has so enrag'd my Choller,
That now I am resolv'd to Silence you.

Dor. Well: though I say nothing, I'll not think the less.

Org. Think if thou wilt, but make it not thy Business. [*Dorina seems to stand silently.*]

To speak to me, when——so; * like a wise Man [* *turning to Mariana.*]
I have deliberately weigh'd every thing.

Dor. What a Vexation's this I must not speak? [*he turns to Dorina,*

Org. Tho' Tartuffe, Daughter, be no great Gallant, [*stands upright and silent, and then*
Yet he is Master of those Excellent Parts—— [*turns to Mariana.*]

Dor. A goodly Picture, Sir, indeed to look on.

Org. If you can harbour any Sympathy
For all his other Gifts. [*he turns before her, and looks upon her with his Arms a-cross.*]

Dor. She's well help up:

If I were in her Place, I'd shew you quickly,
I'd not be forc'd to Marry any Body;
And he should find after the Holy-days,

18 TARTUFFE; Or,

A Woman always has her Vengeance ready,

Org. You take no notice then of what I say?

[to Dorina sternly.

Dor. Why do you fret Sir, I say nothing to you.

Org. Who do you talk to then?

Dor. E'en to my self, Sir.

Org. 'Tis well: now to reward her Insolence,
I will surprize her with a Cuff o'th' Ear.

[aside.

[He puts himself into a posture to give her a blow o'th' Face,
And Dorina at each glance of his Eye stands demurely silent.

Daughter, you ought for to approve my Intentions,
And to believe the Husband ——— I've Elected ———
Why don't you speak?

Dor. I can say nothing to you.

Org. One little word.

[To Mariana.

Dor. It does not please me, Sir.

Org. I shall box you Huffy.

[To Dorina at a Distance.

Dor. A Fool would take it Faith.

Org. Come Child, you ought to be Obedient to me;
Refer your self entirely to my Choice.

Dor. I scorn to Marry such a Booby, Sir. [Runs away till he's gone off,
Org. strikes at her and misses her.

Org. Oh that's a plaguy Wench that waits upon you;
She urges me to Passion and to Sin;
I cannot live with her, nor can I utter
What I intended, I am so enrag'd.
Her Insolent Discourse has Fir'd my Thoughts,
That I must take the Air to cool my self.

[In rage.

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Dorina, Mariana.

Dor. Pray tell me truly, have you lost your Tongue,
And in this business must I act your Part?
That you could hear propos'd you such a project
Without one word of Answer or Resentment.

Mar. What should I do against a Father's Pow'r?

Dor. What you are bound to do 'gainst such Proposals.

Mar. What's that?

Dor. Why freely to declare your inward Thoughts,
As that your Heart can't Love by others liking:
How that you Marry for your self, not him,
And since in this Affair 'tis your concern,
'Tis you, not him, the Husband ought to please,
Since Tartuffe is so Charming in his Eyes,

Let

Let his own Heart become his Sacrifice.

Mar. All this and more I justly might aver;
But knowing a Father's Pow'r so absolute,
My Courage fails me, I can answer nothing.

Dor. Let us dispute it; *Valere* has made Love to you,
Pray tell me do you Love him, I or no?

Mar. Towards my Love thy Injustice is too great;
You should not ask that Question, my *Dorina*!
Have I not told thee One Hundred times my Heart?
Thou know'st how strong my Passion for him is.

Dor. How should I know your Tongue and Heart agree?
Or that those Flames are real you pretend?

Mar. You Injure me, *Dorina*, thus to doubt me;
And my Resentments have been made too publick.

Dor. In short, you Love him then?

Mar. *Dorina*, strangely.

Dor. And in appearance he Loves you so too.

Mar. I do believe he does.

Dor. And both desire to be joyn'd in Marriage; ha?

Mar. I think it seriously, my Dear *Dorina*.

Dor. And what do you resolve about this Union?

Mar. To Die *Dorina*, rather than to be forc'd.

Dor. 'Tis well; I did not Dream of such a Course:
Death is a certain way to disengage you:
The Remedy is wonderful! I'm Mad
To hear you use such paultry silly Language.

Mar. What Spirit, my *Dorina*; does possess you;
That thou hast no Compassion of my Grief?

Dor. I cannot pity those that tell sad Tales,
Whom I have found so meek on such occasions.

Mar. What would'st thou have me do if I am timorous;

Dor. Love in the Heart requires Constancy.

Mar. Do not I keep it for my dear *Valere*?
And ought not he t'obtain me from my Father?

Dor. But if your Father be such a blind Buzzard,
To be thus strangely taken with *Tartuffe*;
And to break-off that Union first design'd,
The Fault can't be imputed to your Lover.

Mar. Dost think it would consist with Modesty,
To own my Flames, and shew my Heart's Concern
For my *Valere*? and on the contrary,
T'express the real Hate I have for *Tartuffe*?
Will it not wrong the Vertue of our Sex,
Nor prejudice a Daughter's Duty neither?

If I thought not, I'd tell it all the World;
Give me thy Counsel, wou'dst thou have me do this?

Dor. No, no, I wou'd have nothing; I see you have
An Inclination to be *Tartuffe's* Wife.
And I should do you Injury to dissuade you;
'Tis no small Happiness to be his Bed-fellow.
He is a Man Famous in's Reputation,
Of a Good Person, Noble Parentage;
You'll live too happily with such a Husband.

Mar. Oh Heaven!

Dor. What Joy will then possess your Soul,
To see your self the Wife of such a Saint?

Mar. Prithee leave off this strange Discourse of thine,
And open me a way t' avoid this Marriage.
Speak, I am silent, ready to obey.

Dor. No, no, a Daughter must obey her Father,
Though he shou'd choose a Monkey for her Husband.
Your Fortune's very good, why d'ye complain?
You shall ride down and see his Mannor-house,
Which you shall find replete with Goods and Servants,
And all his Kindred waiting t'entertain you;
And shall be visited, at your first Coming,
By Mrs. Mayor, and Mrs. Constable;
Nay more, be honour'd with a Groaning-chair,
And in the Holy-days be Nobly treated
With Charming Bagpipes, and the Morris-Dancers;
And at the Country-Fairs with Puppet-Shows;
And all this while your Husband ———

Mar. Ah! you kill me!
Give me some Succour rather by thy Counsel.

Dor. Your Servant, Madam——

[offers to go away.

Mar. Ah *Dorina*! stay——

Dor. All this must happen for your Punishment.

Mar. Nay, prithee Girl.

Dor. No.

Mar. If I declare my Vows——

Dor. No, *Tartuffe's* your Man, you must be silent.

Mar. You know that I have always trusted thee,
Do me——

Dor. No, no; you shall be *Tar-tuf-fy-fy'd*.

Mar. Well: since my Evil Fortune cannot move thee,
I prithee leave me now to my Despair;
From that my Heart shall borrow its Assistance;
I know th' infallible Cure of Misery.

[offers to go in haste.

Dor.

The French Puritan.

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Dor. Stay, stay, Madam, I'll lay aside my Anger,
And spite of it will take some Pity of you.

Mar. Rather than to this Torture be expos'd,
I'd choose, *Dorina*, a most sudden Death.

Dor. Do not torment your self for what we can
Hinder with Ease, and if I'm not mistaken,
I have a Plot will break the whole Design——
But hold, here comes *Valere*, your Lover, Madam

S C E N E IV.

Valere, Mariana, Dorina.

Val. Madam, just now strange News attack'd my Ear,
Before to me unknown, and which I doubt
May be too pleasing to you.

Mar. Pray what is't?

Val. That you must have *Tartuffe* to be your Husband.

Mar. 'Tis very true, such a Design my Father has in's Head.

Val. Your Father, Madam!

Mar. Yes Sir, my Father has quite chang'd his Mind,
And came a purpose to propose it to me.

Val. But are you Serious?

Mar. Yes, in good Truth I am;
And for this Marriage highly he declares.

Val. And what wou'd you in this Affair design?
Speak Madam.

Mar. I can't tell.

Val. The Answer's modest,
You cannot tell.

Mar. No.

Val. No!

Mar. What wou'd you Counsel me?

Val. I Counsel you to take him for a Husband.

Mar. Is that your Counsel, Sir?

Val. Yes.

Mar. But do you mean so?

Val. Yes.

The Choice is Noble, you ought to listen to't.

Mar. 'Tis well; I shall receive your Counsel, Sir.

Val. 'Twill not pain you much to follow it.

Mar. Not quite so much as you have felt to give it.

Val. I gave't a purpose, Madam, for to please you.

Mar.

22 TARTUFFE; Or,

Mar. And to please you I shall accept it, Sir.

Dor. 'Tis pleasant to observe how they're entangl'd.

Val. Madam is this the Love! Oh fickle Sex!

Can you forget ———

Mar. Pray, do not speak of't, Sir,
You frankly said, I ought to listen to't.
And since he is presented by my Father,
I do declare that I pretend t' accept him,
Since you have given me this wholesom Counsel.

Val. Do not excuse your self with my Advice;
Your Resolutions were already made,
You catch at every frivolous pretention,
For an Authority to break your Word.

Mar. 'Tis true, and you say well.

Val. And I do think,
You never had a real Passion for me.

Mar. Be't so, y'have permission, Sir, to think.

Val. Yes I've permission; but
I'll prevent the like Design.

Mar. I do not doubt it, those Ardours that excite
True merit ———

Val. *Mariana*, do not talk on't;
I have but little, and you have proved it now;
But 'tis some comfort to me,
That without shame they can repair my loss.

Mar. The loss of this is little, since by this one change,
You can so easily find a Reparation.

Val. I will do what I can, you may believe it,
Our Glory is engag'd to make't our business,
Which though we cannot compass, we should feign it.

Mar. Sir, this Resentment's Generous and Noble.

Val. 'Tis well, and every one ought to approve it.
How between Love and Passion am I split?
Must I then see you clos'd in others Arms?
Not caring for that Heart you have enslav'd.

Mar. All my Designs require the contrary,
For I could wish the Marriage-knot were ty'd,
So to unite our pre-engaged Hearts.

Val. But cou'd you wish it?

Mar. Yes.

Val. These Insulting Trials are too much;
Madam farewell. [*He makes a step forward, and returns.*]

Mar. 'Tis well done, Sir.

Val. At least remember, Madam, that 'tis you

Con.

Constrain my Heart to this extremity.

Mar. Yes.

Val. And that Design my Heart has now conceiv'd
Is but to follow your Example.

Mar. To my Example be it.

Val. Enough.

From this time forward, I'm no more your Servant.

[Offers to go.

Mar. So much the better.

Val. Look, Madam; 'tis for ever.

[Comes back.

Mar. In good time, Sir.

Val. Ah me! [Goes away, and at the Door looks back and returns.

Mar. Return'd soon, Pray what's the matter, Sir?

Val. Did you call me, Madam?

Mar. I call you, sure you Dream.

Val. Then I pursue my Journey.

Farewel for ever Madam.

Mar. Sir, farewel.

Dor. Now I do think

By this Extravagance you ha' lost your Wits;
I let you all this while pickeer on purpose,
To see to what Effect 'twou'd come at last,
And here's a fair Event, hold, hold, Valere.

Val. What would'st thou have, Dorina?

Dor. Sir, come back.

Val. No, no, Despite 'orewhelms me.

Pray do not hinder what She'd have me do.

Dor. Stay ——— I request you.

Val. No; thou seest it is resolv'd.

Dor. What is?

Mar. My sight offends him, my presence drives him hence,
I should do well to leave the place to him. [She goes; Dor. leaves Valere

Dor. Whither d'you run?

and follows Mariana.

Mar. Prithee Dorina leave me.

Dor. Madam, you must come back,

Mar. No, no, Dorina, in vain thou dost detain me.

Val. I see my Face is but a Torment to her,

And therefore I resolve to give her freedom. [Dorina holds Mariana by the

Dor. Agen, sure O my Conscience you are Hand and runs after Valere.
Both bewitch'd.

Leave off this Folly, and come hither both.

Val. What's thy Design, Dorina?

Mar. What dost thou mean to do?

Dor. E'en put you both together, and make you Friends:
Are you both Mad to be thus Whimsical?

Val.

Val. Did you not hear her what she said *Dorina*?

Dor. As sure as can be ye are both distracted.

Mar. Did you not see how ill he treated me?

Dor. Forbear, good Madam, Sir, her chiefest Care,
Is to preserve you hers: I am her Witness.

[to Valere.

And he loves only you; upon my Life

[to Mariana.

His Envy, Madam, tends to be your Husband.

Mar. Why did he give then such wicked Counsel?

Val. Why did she ask it then on such a Subject?

Dor. More Folly yet? come lend me each a Hand;
Nay dally not, dispatch.

[Valere gives his Hand.

Val. Well to what end? [**Mar. gives hers after some seeming Unwillingness.*

Dor. Come, now for yours. * O fain I would, but loth I am.

Mar. What will all this come to?

Dor. Advance, advance; come quickly,
You love much better than you think-for both.

Val. Nay, *Mariana*, what you do, do chearfully.

Dor. To say the truth, Lovers are full of Frolicks. [*Mariana smiles at*

Val. Madam, have I not Reason to complain? *Valere, who spies her.*

And not to flatter, you were much unkind

In taking Pleasure to afflict me thus.

Mar. But are not you the most ungrateful Man——

Dor. No more of this at present, let's contrive
And think of putting by this horrid Match.

Mar. Think on some Project we may put in Practice.

Dor. Come let us cast our Plots in several Forms;

Your Father's fond Resolves shall never daunt you,

If you think fit to follow my Advice:

For you 'twere better, to's Extravagance,

To lend the sweet Appearance of Consent,

In Case of an Alarm; that with more Ease

You may propose a longer Day of Marriage.

By Time we purchase Remedy for all,

Sometimes you may pretend you are not well;

A sudden Sicknefs will procure Delays.

Another while may apprehend bad Omens;

As that you met by chance with a dead Man;

Threw down the Salt, or dreamt of Muddy-waters;

But if all these together will not do,

One Comfort yet remains, that all the World

Can ne'er oblige you, if you say not Yes.

But above other things I think it fitting

That now you part, lest you be seen together.

Go, and delay not, master all your Friends.

[to Valere.

To

The French Puritan.

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To make him keep the Promise that he made you;
While we procure his Brother to our side,
And to our Party join the Mother-in-law.
So fare you well.

Val. What Force soever we can now prepare;
In you is all my Hope, for you my Care.

[to Mariana.

Mar. I cannot answer for a Father's Will;
But be assur'd, I am my *Valere's* still.

[to Valere.

Val. How I'm o'erwhelm'd with Joy? and now I dare——

Dor. Lovers are never weary of Discourse:
Go, get you gone, I say.

[Valere goes a Step and returns.

Val. Well, to conclude——

Dor. No more of this Discourse.

Here part, dear Friends, and banish all your Fears;
Go, go, divide; Courage till our next meeting.

Lord, what a Coil is here! and now they're gone,
Unless I play my part 'twill come to nothing.

[Separates 'em, and
pushes them off
at several Doors.
Exeunt.

I have a Crotchet in my Head that may,
If it hit right, prevent much future Trouble:

Laurence, this *Tartuffe's* Man, pretends to me

A Kindness more than ordinary: I by him,

Under pretence of yielding to his Amours,

Must dive into the Secrets of his Master;

And if I can but find but what I suspect,

'Tis not his Zealous Port shall bear him out.

I hug my self i'th' Fancy; and see here

(As if the Fates, propitious to my care,

T'effect my honest Projects, did Decree't)

Laurence appears. I'll feign not to have seen him.

[She offers to go.

SCENE V.

Enter *Laurence*.

Laur. Nay, sweet *Dorina*, what makes you haste away so fast?
Did my Approach affright you.

Dor. No indeed *Laurence*; but I was seriously going
About a little Business, and did not see you.

Laur. Have you consider'd of what I imparted to you
At our last Meeting?

Dor. I have.

Laur. And will your Fancy prompt you to hearken to my Suit?

Dor. *Laurence*, I thought

You had seen no difference of Sex; and this has made
Me sparing in receiving your Addresses: and, I confess,
My jocular Humour wou'd not agree with your austere
Retirements. But if you will promise——

E

Laur.

TARTUFFE; Or,

Laur. Hold, dear *Dorina*; if this be all you scruple at,
I'll satisfy you quickly; for by this Light I am no
More what I appear, than is ———

Dor. Who? prithee, Loll, tell me.

Laur. My Master.

Dor. Why does thy Master counterfeit?

Laur. Nay, *Dorina*, too much of one thing's good for nothing.
You Desire too fast, that shall be the Work of another time :
I'll only now give you an Account of my Self. Know then,
Though I am *Tartuffe's* Man, and receive Wages of him,
His Agreement with my Friends was otherwise ; but since he
Has got me fast, he uses me at his Pleasure. I perceiving
This, and to creep into his Favour, pretended by his Sanctity
To be a Convert, and took upon me the Humour you have
Seen : and by this means have won so much upon him,
That I am his Secretary, the Repository of his Privacies, and
What not? and (I must tell you) among all his Acquaintance
Have an Interest.

Dor. But *Laurence*, all this concerns me nothing; this Interest
That you boast of, is the main thing I fear: the Austerity
Of your Life, I doubt, will ne're bear with my merry Disposition.

Laur. For that, *Dorina*, trouble not your self;
I see you know me not; for if you did,
You'd say that your Temper and mine were both
Modell'd alike : for I can be as Blithe
And Frolicksome as the most wanton Courtier.

SONG.

[Sings with Antick Postures,
and after Dances a Fig.

*Spend not thy Time in vain, my Love,
But answer my Desires :
Be Bucksome, Blithe, my pretty Dove,
Meet me with equal Fires.*

*For if thou longer dost delay,
Thy Beauties soon will fade thee :
In Honour thou art bound to pay
Those Debts which Nature made thee.*

*Since my Designs are fair and just,
How canst thou well Deny me?
In faithful *Laurence* thou may'st trust,
Then come and lie down by me.*

This is a touch to shew you that I can ———

Dor.

Dor. Yea marry, this is somewhat like; I perceive there
May be some hopes in the matter: but *Laurence*, prithee
Laurence, tell me one thing; does your Master intend to Marry
With my Mistress?

Laur. 'Tis so believed: nay, *Orgon* himself gives credit to it;
But my Master ———

Dor. What does thy Master; sweet *Laurence*?

Laur. Why, Faith he has a further reach than Marriage;
Though perhaps he may seem to drive that Nail too:
He finds *Orgon* inclin'd to him, and he's resolv'd to
Work upon his Good-nature: besides, *Elmira's* fair,
And of an affable Deportment: but that's not all;
When next we meet I may perchance give you further
Intelligence: but (good *Dorina*) don't betray me; let
Not my Good-will to thee be repay'd with Treachery. I
Know such courteous Sweetness can carry no Deceit. Let
Me before I go kiss thy fair Hand; such favour
Will encourage me to undertake the greatest Hazards.

Farewel, *Dorina*. * Once agen farewel. *Exit.* [* He goes a little away,
Dor. So, he is gone, and I'll no longer stay, turning back says
But with this News fly, fly, to avoid delay. *Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Damis, Dorina.

Dam. LET Horror and Despair attend my Destiny,
Let me be ever branded for a Coward,
If the Respect or Pow'r of any hinder
The Execution of my resolv'd Design.

Dor. Pray moderate the Extravagance of your Passion:
Your Father has but simply said, not done.
Things are propos'd before they're executed:
The Project is a great way off the Action.

Dam. I must contrive to stop their base Complot
By whispering a word i'th' Zealot's Ear.

Dor. No, leave't to me; Softly and fair goes far.
With him and with your Father in their fits
Your Mother is best able to prevail.
She has some Influence upon *Tartuffe*,
If I have any skill in Divination;

And he'll accomplish what she shall request,
For I have observ'd him very sweet upon her.

Dam. If that be true, it falls out luckily.

Dor. Make the Advantage of it to your Honour.
Your Interest does oblige you to entreat her,
To study all she can to break this Marriage:
And let her understand by your Resentments
The inevitable Ruine of the Family,
If this Design of theirs be e'er accomplish'd.
I have prepar'd already——

Dam. Wou'd I cou'd come to speak with him, his Man
But e'en now deny'd me Entrance to him;
Told me he was at Prayers.

Dor. But I saw him since you, and then I'm sure
He told me he was just a coming down.
Pray go your ways and I'll attend him here;
But hide you in the Closet by the Parlour.

Dam. Why may not I be present at your Meeting?

Dor. No, we must be alone, go you where I direct you.

Dam. I prithee let me stay, I will say nothing.

Dor. No, no; I am acquainted with your Humour;
And 'tis the ready way to speak our Business:
Pray let me prosecute my own Design.

Dam. I'll promise you that I will shew no Passion.

Dor. What yet; you're very Troublesom, he comes. [exit *Damis*.]

SCENE II.

Tartuffe, Laurence, Dorina.
Tartuffe perceiving *Dorina*.

Tart. Lay up my Hair-Cloth and my Discipline,
And always pray to Heav'n t'enlighten you:
If any come to Visit me say I'm gone
To dissipate my Alms amongst the Pris'ners.

[exit *Laurence*.]

Dor. What Affectation and blind Zeal is this?

Tart. What wou'dst thou?

Dor. —— I come ——

Tart. Ah! the sweet Heav'ns! I pray you
Before you speak to take this Handkerchief. [Pulls one out of his Pocket.]

Dor. What for?

Tart. To hide that Tempting Breast I can't behold;
By such like Objects our poor Souls are wounded;

And

And many Sinful Thoughts they breed in us.

Dor. It seems you're very tender to Temptation;
Can Flesh make such Impression on your Senses?
I'm ignorant what Heat has so enflam'd you,
And feel not in my self such Inclinations:
Sir, I dare swear that I cou'd see you Naked,
Yet not be Tempted for the matter neither.

Tart. Pray mingle your Discourse with Modesty;
Or else you make me quickly fly the place.

Dor. No, Sir, you shall not need, I must be gone,
I have but two or three Words to say to you;
My Lady's coming strait into this Parlour,
Where she desires your virtuous Conversation.

Tart. Alas! most willingly.

Dor. How sweet he's on't?

I dare be bold that all I said is true.

Tart. Will she come presently?

Dor. I think I hear her, Sir;

Yes, 'tis her self in Person, I must leave you.

[*aside.*]

S C E N E III.

Elmira, Tartuffe.

Tart. May bounteous Heav'n always contribute Health
Both to your Soul and Body, vertuous Madam.
And may the humble Prayers of Pious Men
Prevail to pull down Blessings on you here.

[*they seat themselves.*]

Elm. I am indebted for your holy Pray'rs.
Come, let's set down, that we may talk a little.

Tart. And how d'ye feel your self since your last Sickness?

Elm. Well, I thank Heav'n since my Feaver left me.

Tart. I do confess my Prayers were much too weak,
So suddenly to get this Blessing for you;
But I'll assure you I did ne'er omit
The Object of your Health in my Devotions.

Elm. Sir, I do fear, I did disturb your Zeal.

Tart. I cannot set too high Esteem upon you,
I would have giv'n my Health to have purchas'd yours.

Elm. Your Charity methinks extends too far;

Tart. I have done much less than you have merited.

Elm. I have some secret Business with you, Sir.
And I am very glad we are alone.

Tart. I am almost Ravish'd, Madam, with the Joy

To

To find my self singly alone with you,
It is a Blessing I have beg'd of Heav'n,
Without being ever granted till this Hour.

Elm. Sir, in this Business that I shall request
You must be Open-hearted, and hide nothing;

Tart. I will not, Madam, since I have the occasion
To open here before you my whole Soul;
And I do Swear that all that I have said
With so much Passion against your Visitors,
Did not proceed from Hate, but Love to you:
Transported by a Zeal that did constrain me
By a pure Motion —

Elm. Sir, I take it well,
And know y're careful of my future Good.

[He presses her hand.

Tart. Madam, 'tis Truth my Fervour too is such. —

Elm. Oh Sir! you Hurt my Hand.

[She cries out.

Tart. 'Tis through Excess of Zeal.
I have no design to do you any harm,
I had rather be —

[Puts his Hand upon her Knees.

Elm. What does your Hand do here?

[Draws back her Chair, and

Tart. I feel the Softness of your Garment, Madam. — he approaches his.

Elm. Pray, Sir, forbear, I'm very Ticklish.

Tart. Good Heav'ns! with how much Skill this Poynt is wrought!
This Age produces Miracles in Art:
In every thing they're become Excellent.

Elm. 'Tis true, but let us speak now to our Business.
They say, my Husband, Sir, has perbroke his Promise,
And wou'd give you his Daughter; is it so?

Tart. Such Words have past; but, Madam, to speak Truth,
That's not the Happiness that I Sigh after:
The glorious Object of my Felicity
Is elsewhere plac'd, which chiefly I desire.

Elm. No earthly Beauty can deserve your Love.

Tart. Madam, I'm Humane, made of Flesh and Blood.
My Breast does not enclose a Heart of Stone.

Elm. Sir, I believe your Sighs do tend to Heav'n;
And nothing here below attracts your Fancy.

Tart. That Love we fix upon Eternal Beauty
Does not command us to hate Temp'ral Things.
Our Senses very easily are charm'd
With those Perfections which the Heav'ns have form'd.
And do you think that I who have discern'd,
That Heav'n has grav'd on you all those rare Wonders,
And in your Countenance has plac'd those Beauties

Which

Which do inflame the Heart, surprize the Eyes,
Should see and not admire them. ———

Most perfect Beauty, I can't behold you longer,
Without in you admiring Nature's Author ;
I feel my Heart touch'd with an ardent Love,
Of his best Image where himself is painted.
But stay, I am afraid this secret Flame
Is but the subtle work of some black Spirit ;
I know my Heart should fly your piercing Eyes,
As from the Obstacle of my Soul's happiness ;
But yet I find, oh amiable Beauty !
That this my Passion ma'n't be criminal ;
I may assuage it by my wariness.

Oh for this Action I approve my Heart,
Though't be presumption, I confess, in me,
Daring to make my Heart your offering ;
I trust my Vows mixt with your Goodness, Madam,
May soon blot out th' effects of my Infirmary ;
In you is all my Hope, my Wealth, my Quiet,
On you depends my Torment, or Beatitude :
My Fate's included in your Sentence, Madam,
I'm Happy or Unhappy as you make me.

Elm. This frank discovery is very Gallant :
But to say truth it does surprize me much.
You shou'd methinks have been prepar'd much better
With stronger Arguments on this occasion ;
A Devout Man, and every where Renown'd ———

Tart. Ah ! though Devout, yet I am still but Man,
And when I see your Heavenly Person by me,
My Heart is captiv'd, and I cannot argue.
I know that this Discourse looks strange from me ;
But, Madam, after all, I'm not an Angel.
And if you do condemn what I have done,
You ought to blame your Charming Beauty too.
At the first glance of your admir'd Splendour
You won the Sovereignty of my Interiours.
Th' ineffable Sweetness of your Divine Aspect
Forc'd the resistance of my stubborn Heart,
And conquer'd all my Fasting, Pray'rs, and Tears.
My Eyes and Sighs spoke this 100 times.
And now I'mploy my voice t'express it better.

Elm. How little does my Husband think of this.

[*aside.*

Tart. Do but contemplate, most Beauteous Soul,
The Tribulations of a Slave unworthy ;

Tis

'Tis only you, you Madam, can support me,
 Or ravel me back agen to my first nothing.
 I shall retain for you, O sweetest Wonder!
 Such a Devotion that's Unmatchable.
 With me you run no Hazard in your Honour;
 And on my part you need fear no Disgrace.
 Those Country Gallants, whose foolish prateing Wives
 Are vain in Words, and babling o'their Deeds,
 Still in their Progress betray themselves:
 Receive no Favours which they don't divulge;
 And he who trusts to their Tongue's Indiscretion,
 Dishonours th' Altar where his Heart is sacrificed.
 But who (like us) burn with a Love discreet,
 With those our Secrets are for ever sure.
 That Care we take still to preserve our Fame,
 Is a sufficient Surety for our Love.
 In us is found (the Heart once being accepted)
 Love without Scandal, Pleasure without Fear.

Elm. Sir, I have heard you; and your Rhetorick
 In good strong Terms has full exprest your Soul:
 But don't you apprehend I'm of the Humour
 To tell my Husband all this Gallantry?
 And that the Prompt Advice of such a Love
 Mayn't change the Amity that now he bears you?

Tart. I know you are too full of Goodness, Madam;
 And that you'll seal my Pardon for this Rashness:
 At least that you'll excuse through Human Frailty
 The violent Motion of that Love offends you:
 And when you turn your Eyes upon your self,
 And see your own Perfections, you'll consider,
 That Men have Eyes, and that they're made of Flesh.

Elm. Yet People wou'd expound it otherwise:
 But my Discretion shall appear in this,
 I'll not disclose this Business to my Husband,
 But take my Vengeance in another manner.
 Then hear my Doom: First, without least Regret,
 You must disclaim all Right to *Mariana*;
 And next renounce your self that unjust Pow'r,
 Which does enrich your Hope with other's Treasure.
 And——

SCENE IV.

Damis, Elmira, Tartuffe.

[*Damis comes out of the Closet where he was retir'd.*

Dam. No, no, Madam; this Story must be known;
I was in such a Place where I heard all:
Methinks by Providence I was brought thither,
To Punish this proud Villain that has wrong'd me.
'T has open'd me a way to be Reveng'd
Upon his Hypocrisy and Insolence;
To undeceive my Father, and to shew him
That Villain's Soul that wou'd corrupt his Bed.

Elm. No *Damis*, 'tis sufficient he's grown Wiser,
And will endeavour to deserve my Favour,
Since I have promis'd him not to disclose it.
'Tis not my Humour for to make Dissentions;
Wise Women do but Laugh at such like Follies;
Their Husbands Ears they will not trouble with 'em.

Dam. You have your Reasons for your Resolution,
And I have mine to use him otherwise.
To spare him were too high a Raillery;
The insolent Pride of his pretended Zeal
Has Triumph'd o'er my Passion now too much,
And made a strange Confusion in our Family.
He has too long a time Govern'd my Father,
And hindred my just Flames and *Valere's* too:
'Tis fit my Father know his Treachery,
And Heav'n has offer'd me just Means to do it.
For this fair Opportunity I stand
Greatly indebted to propitious Heaven;
And shou'd deserve to have it taken from me,
If (having't in my Hand) I did not use it.

Elm. Damis——

Dam. No, Madam, no; I must enlarge my Joy;
My Soul is now at its high pitch of Comfort,
And your Discourse pretends t'oblige in vain
To quit the Pleasure of my taking Vengeance.
And without further words I'll presently——
Here comes my Father, which was all I wanted.

SCENE V.

Orgon, Damis, Tartuffe, Elmira.

Sir, we are ready now to entertain you
 With a fresh Accident that will surprize you;
 Whereby you are well Rewarded for your Kindness;
 This high-priz'd Saint here has acknowledg'd it:
 His Zeal for you he has just now declar'd;
 But in my Mind 'twas much to your Dishonour.
 As I was there retired just now by chance,
 I did surprize him making to my Mother
 A Villainous Address of Lustful Love;
 But her meek Spirit join'd with high Discretion,
 Wou'd by all means have kept this Secret from you.
 I never yet could flatter Impudence,
 And feared my Silence now might prove Offence.

Elm. Yes, I still hold that with such Idle Stories
 I ought not to disturb my Husband's Rest;
 Our Honour don't depend on trifling Questions:
 It satisfies when we defend our selves.
 These are my Thoughts, and you should not have told it
 If *Damis*, I cou'd have prevail'd with you.

[Exit. Elmira.]

SCENE VI.

Orgon, Damis, Tartuffe.

Org. O Heaven! can this be Credible I hear?

Tart. Yes, Brother, I am Wicked, and a Criminal;
 An unhappy Sinner, full of Impiety;
 The lewdest Villain that was ever bred:
 Each Instant of my Life is full of Stains;
 'Tis nothing but an Heap of Filth and Sin.
 I see the Heavens by this objected Crime
 Wou'd mortify me for my spiritual Pride:
 I will not vindicate my self at all,
 Nor say I'm free from what I am reprov'd for.
 Believe what's told you, and thence arm'd with Anger
 Drive me, a guilty Wretch, out of your Doors.
 I know I cannot suffer so much Shame,
 As I am sensible I have deserv'd.

Org.

Org. O Villain, dost thou by thy sland'rous Tongue
Attempt to blast his vertuous Purity?

[to his Son.

Dam. Does the feign'd Meekness of this Hypocrite
Trapan your Soul with Lies?

Org. Peace, cursed Rogue.

Tart. O let him speak; you wrongfully accuse him.
You will do better, Sir, if you believe him.

Why after such a Fact are you so Favourable?

What am I good for when I'm thus Ungrateful?

Ah Brother, you confide in my Exteriour;

And though they know me Wicked, think me Good.

You let your self be cheated by false Show;

I'm really the same they represent me:

The World believe me a very honest Man,

But in Sincerity I'm good for nothing.

[Addressing himself to Damis.

Speak, my good Child, say that I am Perfidious,

A Reprobate, a Thief, a Murderer:

Heap on me Names yet more detestable,

I will not contradict; I deserve all,

This Ignominy on my Knees I'll suffer

[He kneels, Orgon presently

As a just Shame due to my Crimes of Life.

raises him.

Org. Brother, this is too much: does not thy Heart
Tremble to——

Dam. What shall his Words seduce you in this case?

Org. Silence you Rogue! ah, my dear Brother, rise.
Infamous Varlet!

[to Tartuffe.

[to Damis.

Dam. He may——

Org. Peace, Sirrah.

Dam. Oh, I am mad! what do I pass——

Org. Not a word more, Sirrah, I'll break your Pate.

Tart. Brother, i'th' Name of Heaven be not in Choler,
I'd rather endure for him the greatest Pain,

Than he for me should suffer the least Harm.

Org. Ingrate——

Tart. Let him alone, Sir, upon my Knees

I beg his Pardon.

Org. Fie, Brother! rise——

You see his Goodness, Sirrah.

Dam. Then——

Org. Peace.

Dam. What shall I——

Org. Peace, I say.

I know the Motive makes you thus Abuse him;

You hate him all, and I am convinc'd on't now.

Wife,

Wife, Children, Servants, all combine against him,
 You impudently put all Plots in practice,
 To rob me of this Good Man's Conversation,
 The more Designs you have to put him from me,
 The faster I will strive to keep him here.
 And now I'll presently give him my Daughter,
 For to confound the Pride of all my Family.

Dam. Do you think t'oblige her, Sir, to take him too?

Org. Yes, Villain; and to Night, the more to vex you,
 I Brave you all, and I will make you know
 You ought t'obey me, and that I am Master.
 Come, Sir, recant; and at this Instant, Rascal,
 Throw your self at his Feet, and beg his Pardon.

Dam. What? I? to such a Slave, who by's Impostures—

Org. Ha! do you refuse, you Rogue, and call him Names?
 Lend me a Stick—Pray do not hinder me. [*Tartuffe holds him.*
 Go, Sirrah, get you gone out of my House,
 And never come agen within these Doors.

Dam. I will obey you, Sir.

Org. Quickly be gone;
 Take notice, Sirrah, I Dis-inherit you,
 And Curse the Time of thy Nativity. [*Exit Damis.*

SCENE VII.

Orgon, Tartuffe.

T'offend in such a sort so Holy a Man.

Tart. O Heaven! Pardon him the Wrong he did me.
 If you cou'd know with what Displeasure, Brother,
 I live, to find they strive to render me
 Odious to you—

Org. Alas be Comforted.

Tart. The Thought alone of this Ingratitude
 Does wreck my Soul with a strange Punishment—
 The Horrour I conceive—ah, my Heart breaks—
 I cannot utter't, I believe 'twill kill me. [*Orgon runs Weeping to the*

Org. O Rogue! how I repent I shew'd thee Mercy, *Door where Damis*
 And that I did not kill thee on the Place! *went out.*
 Compose your self, dear Brother, do not Grieve.

Tart. Let us remove the Cause of all this Strife;
 I plainly see the Troubles that I bring you,
 And find it, Brother, requisite to leave you.

Org. How do you mean?

Tart.

Tart. They hate me, and I know
They strive to make my Faith suspicious to you.

Org. No matter, Brother, you see how well I heed 'em.

Tart. They will not cease to prosecute their Ends,
And with the same Reports you now reject;
Perhaps another time you'll listen to 'em.

Org. No, Brother, never.

Tart. Ah, but a Wife, dear Brother,
May easily surprize a Husband's Mind.

Org. No, no.

Tart. Oh let me, Brother, quickly by Removal
Take from 'em all Occasion of Design.

Org. No, you shall live, Sir, here while I have Life.

Tart. Well then: for this I'll Mortify my self;
But if you will——

Org. Ah, no! let's talk no more——

Tart. But I shall know to rule my self hereafter;
Honour is tender, and Friendship does engage me,
To stop Reports of the least Circumstance,
Wherefore I'll shun your Wife, and you shall see me——

Org. No, in Despite of them you shall frequent her,
My greatest Pleasure is to vex the World,
And I wou'd have you seen with her at all times.

This is not all, for now the more to brave 'em,
My 'state shall have no other Heir but you;
And I will go to Counsel and Advice,
By what Conveyance I may settle it.

As I think fit to choose you for my Son-in-law:
I prize you 'bove my Son, or Wife, or Kindred.

I hope you will accept what I propose!

Tart. The Will of Heav'n be done in ev'ry thing.

Org. Alas, poor Man! I'll go and get the Settlement,
That I may make them burst their Hearts with Envy. [Exit Orgon.]

S C E N E VIII.

Tartuffe, Laurence.

Tart. The Storm is past, what now will more remain,
But that I keep my Vizer on until
Th' intended Settlement be made: I'll ha't by Fine,
And strengthen't by Recovery; then the best
Among them all that dares resist my Will,
I'll make him bow or break under the Weight.

What

38 TARTUFFE; OR,

What I have aim'd at long, now in effect
Is brought to pass; we'll ~~Slave it now no more,~~
We'll Lord it, *Laurence*.

Laur. Truly Sir, Providence is very kind
To give such fair Occasions to your Hands,
And not to use 'em were to slight them, Sir.

Tart. You say the Truth, but yet the Plot's ~~not ripe,~~
I still must be subservient. *Mariana*
Must in Pretence be Chief, although *Elmira*
Be really the Mark I aim at, and for that
If she be stubborn, Threats against her Husband
[Which must bring Ruines to herself] shall make her stoop;
But if with all I nothing can prevail;
And she [as once before her Son] complain,
I'll turn 'em out of Doors, ransack the House,
And either have my Will or Ruine all.

Laur. Yes verily, Sir, this is a brave Resolve;
I've often heard you say that the whole Earth
Was by the Saints to be possess'd entire;
And if you take the Course you here project,
You will become Proprietor of part.
Surely, dear Sir, for these so full blown Hopes
You are oblig'd to Heaven.

Tart. Pish, tell not me of Heav'n or Thankfulness,
Those are but words of course in Company;
'Tis time to arm since they begin to doubt,
If I get in, let who can get me out. [Exit.]

SCENE IX.

Flypote, Pernelle.

Flyp. Madam, 'tis real Truth what I have told you.

Pern. O wicked Age! what dismal Plots are these!
Religious Men are scoff'd at and abus'd;
But prais'd be Heav'n my Son had so much Grace,
To cherish *Tartuffe's* poor afflicted Soul;
How did this humble Saint behave himself?

Flyp. With his submissive Eyes fix'd on the Earth,
Took on him all the filthy Crimes objected;
Fell on his Knees, and said he did deserve
The worst of Punishments could be imagin'd.

Pern. Alas poor Man! I guess his Pious Drift:
'Twas done to mortify his holy Pride,

And

And to express the Suffrance of the Spirit;
Ah! when shall we attain to such Perfection.

Fly. For these foul Slanders *Damis* is expell'd
His Father's House, and dis-inherited;
And *Orgon* marries *Tartuffe* to his Daughter,
On whom he settles all his whole Estate.

Pern. This is a just Reward for Piety!
Oh *Flypote* now my Heart does leap with Joy;
For I perceive the Blessings of this Life
Begin to be Entail'd upon our Family.
Never was Mother happier in a Son!
I have a great Desire to see poor *Tartuffe*,
But would avoid the Sight of any else;
Go, and enquire if he be at Leisure.

Fly. Yes, Madam, I'll go knock at's Chamber-door. [Exit.

Pern. Alas, poor Man! how I do pity thee
That art constrain'd to live among such People!
Who are not worthy of thy Conversation:
But that the Providence above preserves thee,
They would not matter't much to Poison thee:
I partly know the Malice of their Hearts.

FLYPOTE.

Fly. Madam, he's just gone forth, and *Laurence* tells me
The Family are all in Tears for *Damis*;
He wishes you'd go and Comfort 'em.

Pern. No, no; I'm glad I came the Back-way hither:
Let us avoid these wicked Libertines:
Were't not for *Tartuffe* I should hate the House;
Come let us Home agen: if things hit right,
The Brethren shall rejoyce in Hymns this Night.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Cleanthes, Tartuffe.

Clean. **A**LL People talk on't, and you may believe me,
That their Resentments tend not to your Credit,
And I have light upon you opportunely,
To tell you in few words my Judgment of it.

I won't

I won't examine the bottom of the Quarrel,
 I'll pass that over, and begin but here:
 Suppose that *Damis* misbehaved himself,
 And that he has most wrongfully accus'd you:
 'Tis Christian-like to pardon his Offence,
 And blot out of your Heart all thoughts of Vengeance.
 Ought you to suffer for a trivial Quarrel;
 A Son be banish'd from his Father's House?
 I'll tell you farther, and with Freedom too,
 That you have scandaliz'd both Young and Old;
 And, if you'll take my Counsel, pacify 'em;
 And make no further Progress in this Business;
 'Twere better sacrifice your Wrath to Heav'n,
 And reconcile the Father to his Son.

Tart. Alas! Sir, I'd consent with all my Heart;
 There hangs no Bitterness upon my Spirit:
 I pardon all, and blame him, Sir, in nothing;
 I'm ready, Sir, to serve him with my Soul:
 But Heaven's Interest, Sir, will not consent,
 And if he enters here, I must turn out.
 After his Fact, which never yet was equal'd,
 Commerce between us Two would bring a Scandal;
 Heaven knows what presently the World wou'd think:
 They wou'd impute it to my Policy,
 And every Body strait conclude me Guilty,
 Imagining out of Remorse of Conscience,
 That I had feign'd this Charitable Zeal for him:
 And that my timorous Heart now strove to gain him,
 That under-hand I might engage his Silence.

Clean. Your Reasons, Sir, are drawn a great way off,
 And your Excuses too are falsely colour'd,
 Where you pretend the Interest of Heav'n.
 Why do you charge your self with such a Care?
 Is it our work to punish Criminals?
 Fye, suffer Heav'n to revenge it self.
 Say what you will, 'tis Int'rest of this World
 Impedes the Glory of so brave an Action
 Beyond Pretence: let's be what Heav'n ordains,
 And let no other Care afflict our Spirits.

Tart. I have already told you that I pardon'd him,
 And in that Action done what Heav'n ordain'd;
 But since th'Affront and Scandal giv'n me to Day,
 Heav'n has not order'd I should live with him.

Clean. Did Heav'n order you to lend an Ear

The French Puritan.

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To what one mere Caprice counsell'd his Father?

Think you in Quiet ever to enjoy

That Right belongs by Nature to another?

Tart. I spoke not for it, nor did ever seek it;
Who thoroughly knows me will ne'er have a Thought
That this Effect springs from my Avarice.
I don't respect the Treasure of this World,
Nor am I dazzl'd with its glittering Follies.
'Tis true, I from his Father have accepted
That Settlement he proffer'd me to make;
Why was it, pray? only because I fear'd
That the Estate might fall in wicked Hands,
Who wou'd employ it Vainly, or at best
Make a bad Employ of't——

But I, good Sir, have totally design'd it
For Heaven's Glory, and my Neighbour's Edification.

Clean. 'Twere fit you threw aside these curious Fears
Of things which may but happen; he is the Heir:
Permit him then, as by his Birth is due,
That he enjoy his own at his own Peril;
'Twill not concern you if he misuse it;
Or if it did, were it not better he
Shou'd bear that Blame, than you be thought a Cheat?
I strangely wonder, that without Confusion
You cou'd endure so foul a Proposition.
Pray is there such a Maxim in Religion,
That teaches you to wrong a lawful Heir?
If you and *Damis* cannot dwell together,
Were it not better (like a Discreet Person)
You took a civil Farewel of the Family,
Than thus to suffer (Sir) against all Reason,
The Son be driven from his Father's House?
Believe me now, your Wisdom's call'd in question——
For I——

Tart. 'Tis half an Hour (Sir) past Three,

And certain Pious Duties call me up:

Excuse me that I leave you (Sir) so soon.

[*Exit Tartuffe.*]

Clean. Then is this all you'll say? Intruding Slave——

G

SCENE

TARTUFFE; Or,

SCENE II.

Cleanthes, Dorina.

✧ *Dor.* By your favour, Sir, how have you sped with him?
 This Act of yours was quite against my Mind.
 You see in what a posture Affairs stand:
 And *Mariana's* Soul's e'en Dead with Grief;
 The Contract by her Father newly made,
 At every moment makes her Desperate.
 But now I have no leisure to discourse it,
 Because I look to meet with *Tartuffe's* Man,
 Whose Heart I'll search: i'th'interim, if you please,
 To find out *Mariana* and *Elmira*,
 We will contrive something that's fit to do
 Or say to *Orgon*, when we meet him next.

Clean. *Dorina*, thou hast jump't with my design;
 I have prepar'd Instructions for my Sister.
 Go, here comes *Laurence* ———
 Mind what you are about.

[Exit Cleanthes.]

Enter Laurence.

O *Laurence*! welcome; I doubt not but you have
 Heard the News, and certainly in regard
 Of my Concerns with you it highly pleases me.

Laur. What News is this?

Dor. Why, that *Damis* is Dis-Inherited, my young Mistress
 Contracted to your Master by her Father:
 And as a Confirmation of that Marriage,
 He has Enfeoffed his intended Son-in-law
 In all his Lands; and to make the same sure
 He has levied a Fine, and suffer'd a Recovery;
 And by another Deed, upon the same consideration,
 Has transfer'd upon him his House and Goods ———

Laur. No more ——— then he's Undone; for now let
 Him be assur'd, if after this ought be deny'd
 To his unbounded Will, he'll use but the
 Greatest Extremity towards this fond Man that
 Has thus Fool'd himself, and his Whole Family.
 He no more intends to Marry your Mistress then
 I do; he intends, if he can [and be sure he'll
 Lay hold on all Opportunities] to Debauch *Elmira*:

And

And if she will not yield to his Desires, or make it
Known he tempted her agen, whereby *Orgon*
Shou'd come to be Incens'd; then nothing
Serves his turn but utter Ruine.

Dor. O Heaven defend us! now I am clearly lost:
I know not what to do, or what to advise,
Dear *Laurence* counsel me.

Laur. *Dorina*, You see I trust you with my Secrets:
Be thou but true to me, and I'll direct
A way shall yet, I hope, produce our Happiness.

Dor. What is't, Dear *Laurence*, and I will protest
To give thee all in Modesty thou can't ask,
My Love, my Heart, whatever I can get
I'll make thee Master of, together with my Self.

Laur. You must procure a Meeting 'twixt *Elmira*
And my Master, to which by some means you
Must make *Orgon* privy, that his own Ears may
Witness to him what from the Mouth of Truth
He'd not believe. This must be done, though
For a time it breed a strange Confusion; then let *Cleanthes*,
Damis, and *Valere* inform the King and Council
Before-hand of *Orgon's* former Services; lay before
Them his Fidelity, and pray their Aid in behalf of
Damis: for they must not mention any thing further;
Onely be sure they strengthen themselves with Friends,
That being prepossess'd may at all times be ready, as —

Dor. O my dear *Laurence*! if by this thy means
(As this Advice is rational) we thrive,
Know thy Reward shall satisfy thy Merit.

Laur. Fear not: remember what I have said: I doubt
I've stay'd too long; I wou'd not have my Master
Miss me: therefore, my dear *Dorina*, fare you well.
I'll see you suddenly agen. Adieu.

[Exit.

Dor. O Heavens, what a Toil is *Orgon* in!
This is no time for Idleness: I'll go
And find the Persons out I long to speak with:
They come.

S C E N E III.

Elmira, Mariana, Cleanthes, Dorina.

O Madam, here's News indeed: you must lay your Hand
To help us out of the Mire. You must use

Some means to make your Husband see this Cheat
In's Colours: I'll take a Care to help the rest.

But here comes *Orgon*; imagine, Madam, what you had best
To do.

*Enter Orgon to them with a Deed, the Contract, and
Transcript of the Fine and Recovery; and Laurence
following him.*

Org. O, I rejoice to see you all together:
I've that here in my Hand will make you Laugh;
You know already the Contents of 'em.

Laurence, secure these Papers to thy Master.

Mar. Dear Sir, in Heaven's Name that knows my Grief,
By every thing may move you to Compassion,
Use not that Power you from my Birth may claim,
Dispence with my Obedience and my Vows.
Do not reduce me by this cruel Act,
To wish to Heaven you'd never been my Father.
This wretched Life, alas! which you have given me,
Strive not to make it thus Unfortunate.

If against that sweet Hope I form'd my self,
You do forbid me him I've dar'd to Love:
At least, upon my Knees I do implore you,
Spare me that Torment to be his I 'bhor,
And do not make me (Sir) grow Desperate.

Dor. This happens well to bring on the Design.

Org. Forbear, fond Heart, and do not shew thy Frailty.

Dor. I think it penetrates; alas, poor Man!

Mar. Your Tenderness to him's no Pain to me:

Make it more signal; let him have your Wealth:

If that suffice not, add what e'er is mine;

For ever I consent, and will forsake it:

But do not give so far, Sir, as my Person.

Suffer th' Austerities of a Nunnery,

To pass away those Hours which Heaven has lent me.

Org. Yes, you are very fit to be Religious,
Now when you feel your amorous Flames depress'd.
Stand up; the more your Heart denies to have him,
'Twill offer you the Occasion of more Merit.

Come, mortify your Senses by this Marriage,
And do not vex me any more about it.

Dor. What, Sir——

Org. Be silent, Huffle; speak when you are spoke to.

[*Aside.*

[*Kneels.*

[*Aside.*

[*to himself.*

Clean.

The French Puritan.

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Clean. If by Advice you'll suffer me to answer——

Org. Brother, your Counsels are the best i'th' World,
They're full of Reason, and I prize them much.
But you must pardon me, if I refuse 'em.

Elm. Seeing what I have seen, I can say nothing,
But silent stand in Admiration at you.
Your Love has blinded you to that degree,
T'affirm us Liars in what you'll find too true.

Org. Your Servant, Madam, I perceive your drift,
And know your Correspondence with my Son;
You are afraid he should disown that Plot
Which you design'd against that Vertuous Man.
You were too Patient to perswade Belief;
Had it been true, you wou'd have chang'd your Humour,
And shew'd your self mov'd in another manner.

Dor. O rare! he brings it on himself!

[*aside.*

Elm. Against the Prospect of an amorous Motion,
Must we draw all the Force our Honours have?
May we not answer those who do attempt us,
But with injurious Mouths, Eyes full of Fire?
For my part I but laugh at such Proposals,
And do not care to make a Noise about 'em.
I love in Mildness we should shew our Wisdom;
Nor did I e'er esteem a savage Prudence
In them whose Honours, arm'd with Teeth and Nails,
For every little word scratch People's Faces.
From all such Rudeness Heav'n preserve me,
I do not love such Devil-natur'd Vertue.
The discreet Coolness of a chaste Denial,
Is far more Pow'rful to rebuke a Villain.

Org. In short, I'm satisfy'd I know the Truth.

Elm. Agen, I'm astonisht at your Weakness.
What will your Incredulity answer me,
If you should see what we have said is true.

Dor. O incomparably done!

[*aside.*

Org. See? what I wonder? see?

Elm. Yes, so I say, see:

Org. You're very pleasant.

Elm. How if I find a way

To make you see all this i'th' open Light?

Org. Castles in th' Air!

Elm. Strange Man! give me your Answer;
I don't perswade you to believe it neither;
But suppose now I should find out a Place

To

To let you clearly see, and hear each passage,
What wou'd you say then to your Vertuous Man;

Org. I'de say in such a case — I wou'd say nothing,
For it can't be.

Elm. The Error holds too long;
It does condemn my Tongue too of imposture.
Let me for pastime without stirring further
To all that I have told you make you Witness.

Org. Be't so; I'll take your Word, and see your Cunning
Which way you're able to fulfil your Promise.

Elm. Go fetch him hither.

Dor. Madam, he's very subtil,
And I believe it difficult to surprize him.

Elm. No, no, we're easily caught by what we Love:
Bid him come down, and (pray) do you retire.

SCENE IV.

Elmira, Orgon.

Elm. Draw near the Table, and creep you under it,

Org. How?

Elm. Be sure you be not seen.

Org. Why under the Table?

Elm. Nay, nay, ask no Questions;
My design's here, and you shall Judge on't presently.
Go, get you under't, and when you're there
Take heed that you be neither heard nor seen.

Org. My Condescension must be great in this:
I long to see the project at an end.

Elm. You will be puzzled strait to play your Part; [To him under
the Table.
I'm going now about a ticklish business,
At which you may be scandaliz'd, but I
Will give no cause, although I take the freedom,
By your permission, to say all I'm able,
That so I may convince you, as I've promis'd.
I am constrain'd against the Rules of Honour,
To wear a Mask to catch the Hypocrite:
And if I seem to flatter his Desires,
Or yield a Freedom to his rash Attempts,
'Tis for your sake, the better to confound him.
My Soul designs all this —
I shall retire as soon as you appear,
And things shall go no further than you'd have 'em.
'Tis you must stop his Course, and cool the Heat

Of his inflamed Zeal, when you perceive
Your Honour is concern'd ; and then, I hope,
Your Eyes will disabuse that Credulous Humour,
That made you Slight both Interest and Friends.
You shall be Master here — No more, he comes ;
Take heed he don't discover you.

S C E N E V.

Tartuffe, Elmira, Orgon.

Tart. They told me, Madam, you would speak with me.

Elm. Yes, I have a Secret to reveal to you ;
But shut the Door, and search about the Chamber ;
I am unwilling we should be surpriz'd. [*He goes back and Bolts the Door.*]
An accident like that last happen'd to us,
Wou'd now be more unwelcome than before ;
Damis did fright me strangely for your sake ;
But you perceiv'd, I hope, there was no want
Of Will in me to change the Scene, and turn
His Rage 'gainst you into a quiet Calm.
I must confess, I was so much amazed,
That I had no Invention to disguise it.
But, Heaven be praised ! it prov'd all for the best,
And things are now in more security :
Your Estimation has allay'd the Storm,
And *Orgon* (to out-brave the Peoples vogue)
Allows us freer Converse at all times.
Hence it proceeds, that without fear of Blame
I see my self Lock'd up with you alone.
This has emboldened me to open an Heart
Unable longer to resist your Love.

Tart. 'Tis difficult to comprehend this Language ;
You lately, Madam, Talk'd another Style.

Elm. If that Denial, Sir, did anger you,
You have small Knowledge of a Woman's Heart.
Our Modesties pretend to give you Battle,
Even in that instant we intend Surrender :
With the same Reasons we disown our Loves
We do proclaim 'em, and that very Moment
Our Tongues in Honour do oppose our Wishes :
The Weakness of refusal is a Promise.
In thee my Freedom without doubt I've made
But very little use of Modesty —

And

48 TARTUFFE; Or,

And since the Word is out e'en let it go,
D'ye think I wou'd have stay'd with so much Mildness,
To listen to the Proffer of your Love,
Or wou'd have taken things with such a Calm,
If the Offer of your Heart had not been Pleasing?

Tart. 'Tis, Madam, without Doubt, a mighty Happiness
To hear such Language from a Mouth of Love;
The Honey of your Words drop on my Senses
Such a Suavity was never tasted.
My chiefest Study still has been to please you;
And all my Wishes seem to be accomplish'd;
But yet my Heart demands the Liberty,
To doubt a little its Beatitude.

If I may liberally expound my self;
Such soft Proposals I can scarce mistrust:
Might I but taste those Favours that I sigh for
It wou'd assure me much of all you say;
And in my Bosom plant a constant Faith
Of all those Charming Bounties you have for me.

Elm. What in such haste; nay Mr. *Tartuffe*, Fye; [*Draws near to Elm.*
These greatest Favours are not gain'd at once: [*She coughs to adver-*
I almost dy'd t'unfold my Thoughts to you, *tise her Husband.*
And yet you seem not to be satisfy'd:
You have not shew'd such Courage as wou'd merit
Those highest Favours to be granted by us.

Tart. The less I merit, the less I dare to hope for;
And this Discourse does not confirm my Wish:
We are suspicious of a hasty Fortune:
Yet wou'd Enjoy before we can believe it.
I have so little merited this Bounty,
That I suspect the happy Consequence;
This, Madam, makes me slow in my Belief,
Till you convince me by Reality.

Elm. Your Love does act like a fierce Tyrant, Sir;
Taking a furious Sovereignty o'er Hearts,
And presses to its end with too much Violence.
What will you not allow me time to breath?
D'ye think this Rigour does become you, Sir?
To press so hard upon my feeble Weakness?

Tart. But since you have Respect for my Addresses,
Why d'ye refuse to give me Pledges of it?

Elm. Pray how can I consent to what you'd have,
Without offending Heaven?

Tart. If that be all,

A little

A little thing removes that Obstacle.

Elm. But I do dread what is by Heaven forbid.

Tart. Such Fears are vain, I can remove these Scruples.

'Tis true, Heaven does forbid us certain Pleasures,

But there remains a Means for Composition :

We may abate the Evil of our Actions

By the Sincerity of our Intentions.

I can instruct you in these Secrets, Madam ;

Dispose your self to me for your safe Conduct :

Content but my Desire, and fear Nothing ;

I'll answer all, and take the Sin on me.

[*She coughs agen.*

You Cough extremely, Madam.

Elm. Yes, I have caught Cold. [*aside; transcendent Villain! this language*

Tart. Please you to take some Juice of *Liquorish.*

proves thee so.

Elm. This Rheum is obstinate without, I see ;

That all the Juice i'th' World will do no good!

[*She continues.*

Tart. 'Tis very troublesome.

Elm. Yes, beyond Expression.

Tart. In short, your Scruple's easily destroy'd ;

I will assure you this great Secret,

The Sin is when we make it Publick, Madam ;

Th' Offence is lodg'd i'th' Scandal of the World :

We do not Sin when we do act in Secret.

[*After she has done coughing.*

Elm. Well, Sir ; I see, I must resolve to yield,

And find my self consenting to your Will.

[*Speaks subtilly, addressing her self to both.*

I ought not to pretend to less than this,

That I'm content, and willing now to render :

But yet grieves me too to come thus far ;

And 'tis against my Will I am thus free :

Yet since the Obstinate wo'nt now deliver me,

And wo'nt yet believe what I have said,

But does desire more pregnant Testimonies,

I must resolve immediate Satisfaction.

If this Consent of mine be an Offence,

The worst is theirs who force this Violence.

Tart. Yes, Madam, I'll discharge your Care in this——

Elm. Open the Door a little, I entreat you ;

See if my Husband ben't i'th' Gallery.

Tart. What need you, Madam, take such care of him ?

He is a Man that we can lead by th' Nose.

He glories, Madam, in our Entertainments,

And wo'nt believe it, though he see it done.

Elm. I wo'nt trust to that, go out, I pray, [*Tartuffe goes out a while and comes in agen.*

H

SCENE

TARTUFFE; Or,

SCENE VI.

*Orgon, Elmira.**[Orgon under the Table.*

Org. What an abominable Villain's this!
I'm almost ready to sink down to hear it.

[Orgon comes out.

Elm. What do you Mock me, you come out so quickly?

Go under agen, it is not yet full time;
Stay to the end that you see all things sure,
And do not trust to simple poor conjectures.

[Speaks in derision.

Org. Nothing so Wicked ever sprung from Hell.

Elm. You shou'd not be so light in your belief;
Be sure you are convinc'd before you appear:

Don't haste too much lest you mistake your self. *[Tartuffe comes in and
she puts her Husband behind her.*

SCENE VII.

Tartuffe, Elmira, Orgon.

Tart. All things conspire to make our Pleasures full:
I have look'd every where in your Apartment,
And find no Person; Oh! my Soul is ravish'd —

Org. Hold, Sir,

You prosecute your Love too fast:
Your amorous Passion is too violent.

[Orgon steps to him.

Ah, honest Man! have you not prov'd it now?
How does your Soul resist all foul Temptations?
Marry my Daughter, and Debauch my Wife?
I doubted along time this was not so,
And did believe that they were base Aspersions;
But now these Testimonies are so palpable
That I have done, and will desire no more.

[To Tartuffe.

Elm. Against my Humour I have done all this;
But I was forc'd to't to retrieve my Honour.

Tart. What do you think —

Org. Be gone, no Noise, I pray —
No Ceremony, but avoid your Nest.

Tart. My design —

Org. Sir, 'tis no time to talk:
You must march off, quickly depart my House.

Tart. Nay then farewell dissembling; I'll not stir.
'Tis you must March, you Sir, you that Lord it so:

The French Puritan.

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I'll make you know the House belongs to me ;
And quickly shew you 'tis a vain attempt
By such weak Stratagems to evade my Right :
You are not where you think by this base Injury ;
I will confound and punish your Imposture,
Revenge the Heavens you have wronged, and make you all
Repent the motion of my going hence.

Elm. What means this Language ? what is't he would say ? [Exit.

Org. I am confus'd, this is no time for Raillery. [Laughs.

Elm. How ?

Org. I see my Fault by what he now has uttered.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E VIII.



Tartuffe, Laurence.

Tart. Laurence, look you to the Chamber, and be sure
You're careful of the Cabinet stands there.

Orgon himself delivered it to me,
And I will give't the King to Ruine him.

If any offer to intrude, be quick,
And Pocket up the Writings with the Seals ;
While I immediately find out the Sheriff.

[Exit. Tartuffe.]

Laur. Yes, I'll look to them sure, and keep them safe
From you for ever, Sir. O horrid Traytor !
Admitted into *Orgon's* House on Courtesy,
And now would rudely turn him out of Doors !

Enter Dorina.

Dor. O Laurence, Laurence, we're all undone !

Orgon, I think's Distracted : I believe

You can unfold the Riddle : you promised me —

Laur. No more then ; I'll perform ; stay but here,
I'll return Presently. [Laurence goes out, and shortly returns with a Cabinet and Writing in his Hand.]

Dor. This Man, I see, will merit my Esteem :
He told me the Experiment that must
Unblind fond *Orgon* would breed Confusion ;
But he would find a means to settle all :
And here he comes already ; i'th' name of Goodness
What has he there ? what loaded, Laurence ?

Laur. You see what Love will do, *Dorina* ; this
And this I here deliver to your Hands. [Gives the Deed and Cabinet.]

It is of Value, I assure you Girl,
 Keep these till I give further Notice to you
 Of what is to be done: these will do more
 Than what I promised.
 And if you meet with Gratitude, then say,
Laurence has clearly won me by fair Play.

[*Exeunt.*]

 ACT V. SCENE I.

*Dorina, Cleanthes.*[*At several Doors.*]

Dor. WELL met, *Cleanthes*; what have you done at Court?
 The Storm is rais'd; have you done
 What I advis'd you? where's *Damis* and *Valere*?
 I'd have you bring home *Damis* instantly;
 His Presence now will be convenient.

Clean. Why, saith *Dorina*, I perceived 'twas time;
 There's need enough of all the Help of Friends:
 And sure, I think, we have don't. We have obtained
 A Warrant Dormant to bring *Tartuffe* in
 To shew the Council Cause why he pretends
 T'intrude on *Damis* Heritage: and more,
 The King and Council will by Order have
 The Father reconciled to his Son:
 But this is all so Private, no one knows
 Ought of it, only those peculiar Lords
 That did engage, and opened *Orgon's* Merit.

Dor. Well then, *Cleanthes*, we shall see some Sport;
 And when it come to th' Issue 'twill appear,
 I have been active in another Sphere.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Orgon in haste to *Cleanthes*.*Clean.* Whether d'ye run?*Org.* Alas, I know not, Brother.

Clean. Methinks we rather should consult together,
 What we had best to do in this Extremity.

Org. Oh! had I but the Cabinet out of's Hands,

I wou'd

I wou'd not fear his Malice : but alas !
It drives me almost to Despair the thought of 't.

Clean. Pray what important Mystery was in it ?

Org. It was a Pawn my dear Friend *Argas* left me
Of his great Love, no Witness being by ;
And at his Flight 'mongst all his Friends chose me
To be the Faithful Guardian of his Fortune ;
But now he has just reason to upbraid me :
They're Papers that contain his Life and Treasure.

Clean. Why did you trust them then in other Hands ?

Org. 'Twas by a motive from a Case of Conscience.
I in this Traytor put my Confidence,
Whose Arguments did soon prevail upon me,
To give the Cabinet into his Custody.
That if a strict Enquiry should be made
After the Fugitive, I might be ready,
Without the Prejudicing of my Soul,
To take my Oath against a real Truth.

Clean. In all Appearance you're in a bad Condition,
What with your Feoffment, Fine, and other Deed.
If I may freely give my Judgment of it,
You've taken a certain way to find out Ruine.
Oh Sir ! this Man has strange Advantages,
Being possesst of such strong Pledges from you,
It were Imprudence to provoke him, Sir ;
You ought to search out now some milder way.

Org. What, under the Shadow of a fervent Zeal
Shroud such a Double-heart, and haughty Mind !
I took him up a Beggar, having nothing——
'Tis done ; now I renounce all honest Men ;
Henceforward I shall hate the sight of them,
And be more Envious to them than the Devil.

Clean. Fie Brother ! this is just your cholerick Humour ;
Do not forsake the pleasant Rode of Temperance,
But let fair Moderation be your Conduct :
From one Excess you'll fall into another ;
You see your Error, and you have acknowledg'd it,
How through a feign'd pure Zeal you have been Cheated,
What reason is there to correct this Fault,
That you should run into a greater Trespass :
What 'cause this Rascal's Confidence has trapan'd you,
With an austere Pretence of pure Devotion ;
Do you believe that every One's like him,
And that One true Religious can't be found ?

Leave

Leave this Bad Consequence to Libertines,
But do not hazard your Esteem too much,
But still preserve it in the Golden mean.

Org. I am raging mad to find my self thus cheated.

SCENE III.

Enter Pernelle, Mariana, Elmira; Dorina to them.

Pern. What's here to do? I'm told most terrible Mysteries.

Org. They're Novelties mine Eyes have witness't Mother.
You see how all my Love is recompenc'd.
With Zeal I pluck'd this Man from Misery,
Lodg'd him and entertain'd him like a Brother,
I heap'd my Favours on him every day,
Setled my Lands upon him with intent
To Marry him to my Daughter; assign to him
My House, my Goods, my Jewels, with all in't;
Yet the same time this base perfidious Slave
Made it his business to Debauch my Wife;
And not contented with this horrid act,
Dares now to Menace me with my own Benefits,
And take Advantage by 'em to my Ruine.
Arm'd with my foolish Bounty comes against me,
To drive me from my Estate transferr'd to him,
And so reduce me to his native Beggary.

Dor. Alas poor Man!

Pern. I can't believe this Son:
That he wou'd e're conceive so Black an Action.

Org. How? not believe't?

Pern. Honest People still are envy'd Son.

Org. What wou'd you say if you cou'd speak good Mother?

Pern. I say your Family is strangely Govern'd;
And 'tis well known the Malice they all bear him.

Org. What signifies all this to that I've told you?

Pern. I've told you a Hundred times when you were little,
That Vertue always suffers Persecution;
The Envious must Die, but Envy never.

Org. What's this Discourse to that is done to Day?

Pern. They've Forg'd a Hundred foolish Tales against him.

Org. I told you I had seen all this my self.

Pern. The Malice is extreme of Lying People.

Org. O! you confound me! I tell you once agen,
My Eyes have seen this Impudent bold Crime.

Pern.

Pern. Their Tongues are always full of Horrid Venom,
There's no defence against it here on Earth.

Org. You talk as if you were bereft of Sense,
I have seen't I tell you, seen't; my own Eyes see it.
What they call seeing: I'll not bate you an Ace,
I'll bawl't a Hundred times into your Ears.

Pern. O Heav'n! how often is the Sight deceiv'd!
You shou'd not always Judge of what you see.

Org. You make me mad, Stark mad! O Cursed folly!

Pern. Nature is much inclin'd to false Suspitions,
And often does Interpret Good for Evil.

Org. I ought to think it Charitable care
For him to Kiss my Wife!

Pern. 'Tis necessary,
That you take heed how you accuse good People:
You shou'd have stay'd till you had seen things sure.

Org. Ah! Curse! the means how to be more assur'd?
Wou'd you have had me stay'd t'have seen my Wife —
—— You'll force me to extravagant Discourse.

Pern. In fine, too pure a Zeal had charm'd his Soul:
I cannot make it enter my belief,
He shou'd attempt to do these things you talk of!

Dor. Alas! poor Man!

Org. Go, were you not my Mother, I can't tell
What I should say t'ye, I'm so much confus'd.

Dor. 'Tis a just Vengeance, for you heretofore
Had no Belief; and now none believe you.

Clean. We trifle out that time in vain discourse,
Shou'd be employ'd for to prevent this Cheat.

Elm. I cannot apprehend he dares attempt it;
His base Ingratitude is too manifest.

Clean. Yes, trust him still; think you he han't Confed'rates,
That will add all their Cunning to his Force;
And more than that, the weight of a Cabal
Will bring us into some confused Labyrinth.

Org. 'Tis true, what's my best course? this Villain's Pride
Makes me I cannot Master my Resentments.

Clean. Come, cheer up, Brother; my self, your Son, *Valere*,
With all our Friends will meet this Monstrous Villain,
And see what we can do t'avoid this Precipice.

Elm. If I had known he had bin so strongly Arm'd,
I never wou'd have caus'd half these Alarms.
And for ———

Org. What wou'd that Man? quickly go know his business:
I'm very ill dispos'd for Conversation.

Loyal peeps in.

S C E N E

SCENE IV. *To them Loyal.*

Loy. Pray will you inform the Gentleman of the House
I have some Business with him.

Dor. He is with Company,
And for the present, Sir, will speak with no Body

Loy. I will not be importunate at this time,
Though sure my coming, as I think, will please him;
And 'tis about a Business he'll be glad of.

Dor. Your Name?

Loy. Pray tell him only that I come
From Mr. *Tartuffe*, and desire a word with him.

Dor. Sir, here's a modest Gentleman that comes
In the Behalf of Mr. *Tartuffe* to you:
He says about a Business you'll be glad of.

Clean. You had best discourse with him, and know his Business,
Perhaps he comes to make a Composition.

Org. With what Resentments shall I entertain him?

Clean. I would not have you, Sir, be Passionate.

Loy. Save you, Sir, may Heav'n prosper you,
And scatter all those Enemies you'd hurt you.

Org. Methinks this Complement does seem to tell me,
His Business is for an Accommodation.

Loy. Your Family was always dear to me;
I had the Honour, Sir, to serve your Father.

Org. Sir, I am aham'd, I humbly beg your Pardon:
I have forgot you, let me crave your Name.

Loy. My Name is *Loyal*, a North-Country Man;
And now, Sir, with your leave, know I am come
To give you this Declaration, 'tis in an Action
Of Ejection, Sir, at Mr. *Tartuffe*'s Suit.

Org. At *Tartuffe*'s Suit; oh Villain!

[Offers to strike.]

Loy. Sir, be not rash;
Although it be to turn out you and yours,
It is not presently; if you have ought to plead
Against a Deed, made on good Consideration,
You may, else must turn out.

Org. Must I turn out?

Loy. Yes, Sir,
Unless you can prevent it, as I told you.
But much I'm afraid you're in the Mire.
The Form is good, it cannot be deny'd.
But I'll forbear you till to Morrow Morning.

Clean.

The French Puritan.

57

Clean. I stand amaz'd at this strange Impudence.

[*Cleanthes gives Loyal Money.*

Loy. Sir, I have done my Errand, arm your self.

Org. Arm my self? what, without Weapons?

Loy. Sir, I can say no more, you must be quick
And circumspect in your Defence; farewell.

[*Exit Loyal.*

Dor. *Loyal* d'ye call him? he has a Traytor's Face.

Org. Well, now he's gone, what Course is to be taken?
Our time is short, but till to Morrow Morning.

Clean. Be patient, Brother, my Fancy bodes you Good.

Org. Now look you, Mother, see if I have not reason;
And you may judge the rest by this Exploit.
What, are his Villanies manifest to you now?

Pern. I'm almost dead with my Astonishment.

Dor. You falsely grieve, and blame him wrongfully:
This but confirms his Spiritual Design;
His Love to's Neighbours does compleat his Vertue;
He knows that Riches do corrupt the Soul;
And in pure Charity has taken from you
The chiefest Hindrance of your Felicity.

[*In Raillery to Orgon.*

[*Dorina pulls Cleanthes*

Org. What must I always bid you hold your Tongue? . . . and goes off.

Clean. Come, let us see what we had best to do. [Exit Cleanthes.

Elm. Go and declare his base ungrateful Soul;
It may enervate this your Deed of Gift,
When his Disloyalty shall appear so black,
And hinder that Success he hopes to obtain.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Cleanthes, Dorina.

Clean. The Matter's ripe, it must no further run;
I'll go and find out *Damis* and *Valere*,
And give an Information 'gainst this Villain,
That he may be secur'd; in th' Interim you
Go find out *Laurence*, that his Zeal to us
At th' Upshot may receive a due Reward.

[*Exit Cleanthes.*

Dor. What would this Man have done? his Folly had
Ruin'd the Hopes and Glory of his Family.

Laurence, thou hast deserv'd well at his Hands:
Thy Faith to me has sav'd his whole Estate.

I

Enter

58 TARTUFFE; Or,

Enter Laurence.

Laur. *Dorina*, how go squares? I hear strange News,
But 'tis so much at random, I can make
Nor Head nor Tail on't.

Dor. Stay but awhile, and you shall see th' event.

Laur. No; we'll go Walk awhile abroad, and then
In half an Hour return to know th' effect.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.



Enter Valere, Cleanthes, Damis.

Val. The Work is done, the Villain is secur'd,
And does not know it yet, but thinks he's Victor.
We have the Deed and Cabinet; by these means
The Traytor's Malice ceases, and all's Safe ———
But we must fright *Orgon*. You shall, *Cleanthes*,
Go to the Messenger, in whose Custody
Tartuffe remains at present, and bring with him
His Prisoner, as if he came to put
Him in Possession. I will go before,
Feigning to tell the News, and make him fly;
Then *Damis* shall appear, whom I'll present
As ruin'd by his Folly; and after that
Laurence shall bring *Dorina* t'act her Part.

Clean. How shall we make the Messenger to serve us,
And act his Part!

Dam. Let that alone to me;
I with a little Money

Will Buy him over to do what I please.

Val. Come let's away, and put't in Agitation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Enter Orgon, Elmira, Mariana, Pernelle.

Org. I wonder that my Brother comes not at me.

Elm. He's like the World, flies from a falling House.

Mar. I think not so, I rather must believe,
He's acting for your Interest what he can.

To them Valero.

Val. With a Regret I come t' afflict you, Sir:
But I'm constrain'd to't by a pressing Danger.
A Friend of mine, whose Amity is strong,
And knew the Interest I ought to have in you,
Has violated out of Curiosity
The Secrecy due to th' Affairs of State.
And even now he sent me this Advice,
Which must reduce you to a sudden Flight:
That Slave to whom you did commit your trust,
Within this Hour accus'd you to the King,
And has deliver'd a Cabinet of importance,
Which makes your Friend and You both Malefactors;
And by misprision of a Subject's Duty,
Y'have Private kept the Secrets of a Traytor.
I'm Ignorant of the Title of your Crime:
But Order's given, Sir, to Arrest your Person;
And for the better Execution on't,
Tartuffe is sent with those that are to take you.

Org. He has prov'd himself a Monstrous wicked Rogue.

Val. The least delay may prove, Sir, fatal to you.
My Coach does now attend you at your Gate;
Let's lose no time to avoid this Thunder-Clap,
For these are Blows only put by, by Flight.
To a sure place I proffer you my Conduct,
And will accompany you to your Journeys-End.

Org. What don't I owe for these obliging cares?
And now, Sir, I want time to give you thanks:
But I beg Heaven to be propitious to me,
That I may live to pay your generous Service.
Farewel — — pray take a care.

Val. Make haste.

SCENE ULT.

*Enter Cleanthes Running, and followed by the Messenger;
Orgon Runs, and the Messenger stays him.*

Mess. Softly, Sir, softly; do not Run so fast;
You have not far to go to find your Lodging:
Know, Sir, that you are Prisoner to the King.

I 2

Enter

Enter Tartuffe, with two or three Officers.

Orgon spies him.

*Org. Judas, Thou hast kept this Treachery till the last.
Monster! by this vile Blow thou hast undone me;
And by it thou hast crown'd thy Villany.*

Mess. You must not give such Terms, they'll not avail you;

*Tart. I can dispense with these injurious Words,
For I am taught by Heaven to suffer all.*

*Clean. I do aver thy Moderation great;
Impudent Rogue! that thus dares play with Heaven.*

Org. O Brother, where's my Son?

Clean. How can you ask for him you have undone?

Org. Pray, Sir, hold off your Hand, I will not stir.

Elm. Do but reflect how Good he was to you.

*Tart. All you can say shall have no Power to move me;
I dream of nothing but to do my Duty.*

Mar. You pretend much Glory from this Action.

Elm. And this Employment too becomes you well.

*Mess. The Employment cannot but be Honourable,
Deriv'd from that high Power which sent me hither.*

*Org. Hast thou forgot that Charitable Hand,
Ingrateful Man, that pluck'd thee out of Misery?*

*Tart. Sir, I am sensible of all your Favours;
But my King's Service is my highest Duty;
And the Remembrance of that sacred Tie
Stifles the Thought of any Restitution.*

*Mess. Good Mr. Tartuffe, if you please, withdraw;
You know your Business, Sir, is sure enough.*

*Tart. I will retire to avoid Contention, Sir;
But pray dispatch and rid my House of 'em.*

Org. O Impudence unmatchable! thy House?

*Mess. Come, what a Noise is here? I'll stay no longer.
I charge you come with me immediately
Into the Prison, where you must remain.*

Clean. Have Patience, Sir, a little; I'll engage for him.

Mess. Upon your Word I'll stay a little longer.

*Clean. Orgon, what do you mean? I am afraid
You are to seek: but, pray, resolve me this;
Suppose your Friends should move the King and Council
In your Behalf, wou'd you not run anew
Into fresh Errors?*

Org.

The French Puritan.

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Org. No, *Cleanthes*, never.

Clean. We'll try what can be done, pray stay a while.

[*Clean. Val.*
Exeunt.

Mess. I wish they may prevail, but I much doubt it,
Unless they work it strongly.

Org. I know not what to say, Heav'n speed 'em well;
But see, Despair hath stopt his Journey, Brother, what ails thee?

Cleanthes, Valere.

Clean. I met *Dorina* at the Door, who stopt me,
And said she had some welcome News to tell you.

Org. Where is she?

Clean. I left her talking to a Friend, she comes.

DORINA.

Dor. Sir, I am sorry to see you
In such Affliction as you are, but Patience.

Enter a Servant, and whispers Cleanthes.

Clean. *Damis* is without, and desires to speak with you.

Org. Bid him come in.

DAMIS.

Dam. Alas! dear Sir; What's the matter here?

Val. Your Father here is seiz'd, I cannot say
His Crime, but think the Punishment is just
For his Abusing you.

Dam. I've no Repentment of that hard Usage, Sir,
But wish in this Affair my Power could
Support my Will.

Org. Oh Son! this Pious Duty in you makes me seem
Odious unto my self, and therefore, Friend,
Carry me where you will.

[*to the Mess.*

Clean. See Brother, here's *Dorina*, who has oft
Told you to what your Follies would reduce you:
But as I said, she now has other News.

Org. I have enough, lay no more Weights of Grief
Upon my Heart: Heav'n send it may be good.

Dor. Sir, hearing of the Troubles which were fallen
Upon you, throw your own Indiscretion;
And knowing, in Adversity a Friend
Is worth Acceptance, I have brought one hither,

That,

62 TARTUFFE; Or,

That, with that Gentleman's leave, will dare to Bail you :
He has from me receiv'd an Information,
Your Crime is neither Felony nor Treason :
And the worst Prison you deserve for this
Is Bedlam : if you will accept the offer,
And these Gentlemen be pleas'd with't,
I'll call him in.

Clean. Do so, with all our Hearts, I speak for all.

[*Enter Laurence with a Cabinet and Writings; Dorina with the Assignment.*

Dor. Sir, here's the Man!

Clean. What *Laurence*! *Tartuffe's* Man!

Val. Prithee let's see it done.

Laur. Sir, how far my *quondam* Master has Transgress
I don't examine, for I hear already,
He's call'd to account; I, at *Dorina's* instance, come
To attend the best Services I can,
And though my Fortune place me in the croud,
But few degrees from Beggary, yet I have
A Heart as Generous as the Noblest of you.
See, Gentlemen, I freely this bestow [Gives Orgon the Cabinet.
On *Orgon* as a Present of my Love;
And my *Dorina* is the sole Reward
I ask for all.

Dor. Sir, if the Love and Care of this Man here
Had not been great to me, I had not had
This opportunity to do you Service;
But by his means, Sir, I am able now
To quiet your Possession in this House.
Here Sir ———

[*Delivers the Assignment.*

Org. O Heav'n, what do I see *Cleantes*, this
Is that same very Deed I made to *Tartuffe*.

Damis, Valere, Elnira, Mariana;
See there's your Guardian Angel; O, *Dorina*,
Thou shalt no more be Servile, we will all
Submit to our Protectress, our Defender ———

Mar. Dorina, my *Dorina*, thou hast Master'd me. [Embraces Dorina.
If I shou'd Study all my Life to serve thee,
I cou'd not make a suitable return.

Elm. Dearest *Dorina*, thou hast once more made [Embraces Dorina.
Me Mistress of this place; my self and *Orgon*
Are bound to bless that Moment brought thee hither.

Clean.

Clean. My Sister is transported with her Joy.
In Truth, *Dorina*, thou hast surpriz'd us all,
What *Damis*, *Valere*, and my self could not
Imagine how to compass, thou didst do.

Pern. We will not ask the means, but render Thanks
Toblessed Heav'n for this Delivery: I am convinc'd, & hate the Hypocrite.

Dor. There stands the means ——— [Points to Laurence.

Thank him: neither my Policy or Strength
Cou'd e're have reach'd it, it was his Design.
He brought the Things to me; not sought or courted,
But truly of himself, and when I saw
All things were even beyond Remedy.

Val. Laurence, I here perceive we are all bound
To your Fidelity, for which in the Behalf

Enter Tartuffe with Officers.

Of all I promise a Reward ———
And now, *Cleanthes*, let us clear the Mist.

Tart. What is the reason of this long demur?

Clean. Sir, you have done your Duty, and without fear
May let your Pris'ner [*Orgon* I mean] go free.

Mess. Sir, you're as free as Air; my Task is here. [Goes to Tartuffe.
This is indeed my Pris'ner.

Tart. How, I your Pris'ner!

Mess. Yes Sir! behold my Warrant.

Tart. How various are the Blessings of this Life!

Org. Where am I? in a Dream; are my Eyes open?
Is this my House, and these in truth my Friends?
This is a Change so unexpected that
It was beyond my Hopes. ———

Clean. Sir, here's your Son, and Son-in-law; to both
You're equally oblig'd, though both cast off
Yet left not still to intercede at Court,
And so at last prevail'd, [upon the hearing
The former Service you had done repeated]
That both the King and Council did declare
The Acts you did, Invalid; [To Tartuffe.
And Pardon'd your Connivance with that Traytor,
But how to unravel this was all the work ———

Val. Let me tell that: *Cleanthes*, 'twas your Genius
Brought it to this perfection. He, Sir, perceiving
How strongly you had Noos'd your self by Law,
Accuses *Tartuffe* of prodigious Crimes:

Crimes

Crimes that entrench'd on Royal Majesty,
Which he confirm'd by Noble Witnesses;
Then did he get a Grant of all th' Estate
Tartuffe had got from you : by which secur'd,
The Villain could not harm you ; we design'd
To try your Patience, as you see w'have done.

Dam. Sir, if any former Faults I did commit,
I humbly here implore your Pardon for 'em.

Org. Talk not of Faults, this is a time of Joy,
Let us return our Duty in our Thanks
To his most Gracious Majesty, that did
So nobly lend his Princely Ear to you.

Clean. But let not *Laurence* be forgotten here,
And let *Dorina's* Merits be rewarded.

Org. What they desire I'll give.

Laur. With your Favour, my Reward shall be
Dorina, if your Daughter will consent.

Mar. With all my Soul !

Org. Are you agreed, *Dorina*.

Dor. Else had your Deed and Cabinet been gone.

Org. *Laurence*, How deep m'Engagements to you are,
Though yet I know not fully to let you see
Before my Friends here present, that I mean
To gratify your Honesty, here take *Dorina* ; [Gives *Dorina* to him.
And with her an Hundred Pounds a Year in Portion
During your Lives, and the Survivor of you.

Laur. We both will pray for your Eternal Happiness.

Org. And for you, *Valere*, whose true Affection
Unto the Daughter, made you the Father's Advocate,
Take this as Pledge. [Takes *Mariana* by the Hand and gives her to *Valere*.
Valere, be Happy in her.

Dor. Oh *Laurence* ! I am ravish'd with my Joy.

Pern. Truly, la ! I am Comforted agen.

Elm. O most propitious Stars ! most blest Success !

Mar. Who cou'd have dar'd to've hop't this Happiness ?

Dam. Sister, you have a Jewel, prize him high.

Val. I thank you Brother ; and to crown our Joys
I promise here to give my Sister to you,
So soon as I can send for her to Town.

Dam. I'm blest in such a Brother and a Friend.
How happy is that Kingdom, where the Prince
Himself does steer the Royal Helm of State ;
That rul'd by Reason, gives to honest Men
The Praise they merit, and decrees for such

The French Puritan.

65

As are fair Vertue's Enemies, a Pain
Or Punishment proportion'd to their Crime,

Org. What, Brother, in a Rapture? Let us go
And shew our grateful Duty in our Deeds.

Clean. As for this *Tartuffe*, miserable Wretch,
Leave him to his Fate, and let his Sins o'erwhelm him.

Tart. Ah *Laurence*, *Laurence*, thou art a wicked Fellow;
But Heaven, I trust, will vindicate my Cause. [*Exeunt Messenger and
Tartuffe; the Officers hale him off the Stage.*]

Laur. Forbear your Canting, Sir, I know your Inside.

Val. Nay, Gentlemen, we must not part thus dully:
'Tis fit our Hearts express our Happiness;
And joining in a Dance begin those Sports,
Which after Marriage shall be more enlarg'd.

Here a Dance of Eight.

<i>Cleantes,</i>	<i>Elmira,</i>
<i>Valere,</i>	<i>Mariana,</i>
<i>Damis,</i>	<i>Flypote,</i>
<i>Laurence,</i>	<i>Dorina.</i>

[*The Dance being ended, Orgon rises and speaks.*]

Org. Let's now with Joy unto his Majesty,
And at his Royal Feet prostrate our selves,
Acknowledging his generous Favours to us:
Then in Pursuance of our great Devoir,
Let us compleat this happy Lover's Bliss,
Proceeding for their Nuptials, as we are tied
In Gratitude to *Laurence* and *Dorina*,
Whose Service deserve a large Requital:
And by sweet *Hymen's* Help crown's in *Valere*,
A Lover's Flame, both Generous and Sincere.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit,
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite.
Once (and but once) a Poet got the Day,
And Vainquish'd Busy in a Puppet-Play.
But Busy Rallying, Arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
Possess'd the Pulpit, and Pall'd down the Stage.
To Laugh at English Knaves is dangerous then,
Whilst English Fools will think 'em Honest Men.
But sure no Zealous Rabby will Deny us
Free Leave to Act our Monsieur Ananias.
A Man may say (without being thought an Atheist)
There are damn'd Rogues amongst the French and Papist,
That fix Salvation to short Bands and Hair,
That Belch and Snuffle to prolong a Prayer.
That use (enjoy the Creature) to express
Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;
And in a decent way Perform 'em too,
As well, nay better far, alas, than you:
Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication;
We Godly Phrase it, Gospel Propagation;
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation. }
Though Zeal stand Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Yet all that have the Word, pass freely in;
Silent and in the Dark for fear of Spies
We march, and take Damnation by Surprize:
There's not a Roaring Blade about the Town
Can go so far towards Hell for Half-a-Crown,
As I for Six-pence, 'cause I know the Way:
For want of Guides Men are too apt to stray.
Therefore give Ear to what I shall Advise,
Let every Married Man that's Rich and Wise,
Take a Tartuffe of known Ability,
To Teach, and to Encrease his Family;
Who may, to settle lasting Reformation,
First Get his Son, then Give him Education.

The End.

